John Freeman: LABOUR and the H-BOMB

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An Invitation to Disaster

BY its invitation to Labour M.P.s to withdraw the Whip from Mr. Bevan, and report him to the National Executive (where expulsion would surely follow), the Shadow Cabinet have put the Parliamentary Labour Party in a perilous and unnecessary dilemma. When they cast their votes next week, after their secret debate, the 293 Labour M.P.s should realise that they will not merely be adjudicating on the procedural issue of Mr. Bevan's conduct during the Defence Debate, but deciding the future of the Labour Party itself. The course proposed by the Shadow Cabinet would prove disastrous. Those who favour it argue that the only thing wrong with the Labour Party is Bevanism. Since the medicine of persuasion has failed to curb this disease, there is no alternative to the knife. A neat surgical operation, they say, which removes the chief centre of disunity, may be unpleasant; but it is better than leaving the patient in his state of chronic malaise. Are they really convinced of this? Surely they realise that the action they propose, so far from unifying the Labour Party, must split it wide open.

From now until the Annual Conference—during the months when it should be preparing for the General Election—it would be riven even more deeply than it was riven last year on German rearmament, and with a further admixture of personal animosity and mutual reviling. Even if the expulsion were to be ratified by the Conference, the militant workers of the constituency parties and the trade union branches would not meekly accept the decision of the block vote. The conflict would intensify, with its inevitable corollary of further proscriptions and purges, until all the life blood had been drained from what only five years ago was the most vital Socialist party in the world.

We understand that in the deliberations of the Shadow Cabinet Mr. Attlee himself, as well as others, sought to dissuade his colleagues from a decision which would make electoral defeat a near certainty and might imperil the very life of the Labour Party. If the Leader's warnings were brushed aside by a majority of the Shadow Cabinet, then it is the duty of the Parliamentary Party itself to call a halt before it is too late. Of course the Bevanites—and the Socialist workers of the constituency parties, whose militancy they represent—are a nuisance to the tidy-minded men of the Right. Of course Mr. Bevan himself can be an awkward political colleague. But one could ascribe far worse faults to Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Morrison—and to the big trade union leaders, who for months have been urging them to purge the Left.

Those who think to restore the Labour Party to health by expelling Mr. Bevan display astonishing ignorance of its rank-and-file, and unconsciously reveal the arrogance of which they so often accuse him. Do they seriously believe that, once Mr. Bevan is outside the Party, Butskellism will be joyfully accepted as New Look substitute for Socialism? Do they not see that when they have thrown him into the wilderness, the crowds will follow him there to back his case against German rearmament and U.S. nuclear strategy? Mr. Bevan's strength in the Labour Movement throughout the country reflects the defects of their own timid Parliamentary leadership. His gospel will be no less attractive and his magic no less potent if he is now presented with a martyr's crown by men who have no gospel of their own, except to enjoin on their followers obedience to Standing Orders.

Two Reports on Bangkok

There is a sharp difference in emphasis between the reports that Mr. Dulles and Sir Anthony Eden have given on the Bangkok Conference. Mr. Dulles failed to draw the Seato Powers into the direct defence of Formosa, just as he failed at Manila; but he has made the best of his failure by insisting that if the Chinese "embark on aggression" they will have to face a "three-front war," since the U.S. treaties with Rhee and Chiang "interlock" with Seato. Sir Anthony, on

the contrary, stressed the chances of a negotiated settlement of the Formosa crisis if both sides exercise restraint. He very properly insisted that, if Peking refrains from assaulting Quemoy and Matsu, then Chiang's forces must stop attacks on the mainland, withdraw their forces from the coastal islands, and abjure "forceful means" of maintaining their claims. This would at least remove the immediate danger of war over the offshore islands; and since the Chinese Communists are at present unlikely, and perhaps unable, to mount an attack on Formosa, it might establish a *de facto* truce in the Formosa Straits. The way would then be open for possible negotiations about the "maintainable claims" of both groups. But Sir Anthony's statement is too vague at this crucial point. Should his other conditions be fulfilled, he believes that "consideration could then be given internationally at an appropriate moment" to Peking's claim for admission to the U.N. and to the problem of Formosa. But this is, in fact, asking Peking to surrender its bargaining position in advance, in the hope that its penitence may secure its legitimate demands as an act of grace on the part of the West. If negotiations are to succeed, discussion about a cease-fire must proceed simultaneously with talks about Peking's U.N. status and the future of Formosa.

Germany and the Saar

The political confusion in Germany—with the President of the Bundestag explaining that he rejected the East German suggestion of a referendum on the Paris Agreements on purely legalistic grounds, and the Free Democrats clamouring for the withdrawal from the Cabinet of Herr Blücher, their senior representative—has been deepened by Dr. Adenauer's statement about the Saar and the inevitably sharp French reaction. Hard pressed in the Bundestag debate, Dr. Adenauer indicated his view that, when the German peace treaty was finally concluded, Britain and the U.S. would be absolved from any obligation to support the French thesis that the political autonomy of the Saar would be guaranteed. This has put the cat among the pigeons in Paris—particularly as neither Sir Anthony Eden nor Mr. Dulles has contradicted the Chancellor. If, however, Dr. Adenauer amends his statement (which seems likely to wreck the Paris Agreements in the French Senate) his own position, with the Free Democrats in active revolt about the Saar, may become untenable.

Northern Rhodesian Settlement

The settlement of the African strike in Northern Rhodesia is very largely to the credit of Ronald Williams, legal adviser to the Miners' International and Labour Member for Wigan. After striking for two months for a wage claim and a closed shop the African miners were obviously nearing exhaustion. There was dissension within their union, they had been dismissed by the companies and they were threatened by eviction from their houses. Mr. Williams saw the danger that the union would be completely destroyed and that the whole African claim for advancement might be postponed for many years. This was obviously what some White trade unionists were hoping for; and these have shown their anger with the settlement by threatening to strike themselves. The companies, however, clearly see that the African union is an important instrument in the industrial future of the Copper Belt; they have re-employed all the strikers and agreed that their claim shall go to arbitration. As the rank-and-file of the White union recently defeated its leadership by balloting in favour of African promotion to skilled work, there is some hope now of a somewhat more progressive industrial future for the Copper Belt.

Plan for London

The L.C.C. has received qualified approval from Mr. Sandys for its Development Plan, and it can now go ahead with its most urgent proposals. But the Minister's objections are substantial—in part disingenuous, and in part unacceptable to a Labour L.C.C. While he correctly complains that new office and industrial building is likely to increase congestion, his decision to allocate for housing land which the L.C.C. had designated for industry is a counsel of despair. The L.C.C. proposed to concentrate industry as far as possible and thus to clear up the squalid muddle of homes and small factories which defaces large districts of London. The Minister is now, in effect, telling the L.C.C. that this part of the plan is unlikely to be carried out. As the Government is failing to use anything like the powers it possesses under the legislation dealing with industrial location, it must take the blame for this lost opportunity. At the same time, Mr. Sandys urges the L.C.C. to find more small open spaces in the crowded boroughs—pocket handkerchiefs of green between factories, offices and flats—and to stop moving the working-class into such oases of "character" as Hampstead, St. John's Wood and Dulwich. The plain fact is that the L.C.C. is now reaching the point where it cannot by itself make much headway in cleaning up and modernising London: it needs special help from Whitehall, not obstruction.

Equal Pay for Teachers

It was a foregone conclusion that equal pay, once conceded in the case of Civil Servants, would be extended speedily to teachers on not less favourable terms. It was no less to be expected that the National Association of Schoolmasters would express indignation at the adoption of the principle, and the National Union of Women Teachers at the seven years' delay in giving full effect to it. These two bodies, which are not represented on the Burnham Committee, have always taken extreme opposite views in opposition to the N.U.T. and the more specialised bodies of Grammar school and technical teachers, whose representatives have helped to draft the new Burnham proposals. These proposals still need endorsement by the associations of Local Education Authorities and by the Ministry; but this is hardly in doubt. Following hard upon the Burnham Committee's proposals, last week, for higher special allowances to Grammar school teachers engaged in advanced work, the equal pay decision means an awkward increase in L.E.A. costs, in many cases just after budgets for the coming year have been drawn up; but the new burdens will clearly have to be borne. The decision to make higher pay for Grammar school teachers depend on the standard of the pupils, rather than on the teacher's personal abilities, is distinctly more debatable.

The Appointment of J.P.s

Mrs. Iwi's libel action against the chairman of her Bench raises unusual questions of privilege, throws an unaccustomed and valuable light on the machinery for appointing and "removing" J.P.s from the Commission of the Peace, and does both in an unprecedented way. The appointment is by the Crown, and so is removal; but whereas the road to removal is short, involving, perhaps, only the Lord Chancellor and one informer, the road to appointment is long and guarded at many points: the final recommendation, the Lord Chancellor's, follows nomination by a County Lord Lieutenant, acting on the word of an advisory committee appointed by himself on the advice of the local political parties. The 1948 Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace reported a "weakness in the arrangement for providing the Lord Chancellor with adequate and reliable information." The holding of a formal inquiry locally may be suitable to the investigation of specific allegations about miscarriages of justice, but not to the question of what is called "ineffectiveness" on the part of a J.P., or the lack of a "judicial mind"; and as the Royal Commission found, the vital principle of independence for all J.P.s involves, as an inevitable price, the retention in office of some who are unsuitable and cannot learn. The difficulty would not be cured by appointing for a term of years, since the question of whether or not to reappoint would raise just the same problems.

PARIS

The Socialists' Dilemma

A Paris Correspondent writes: When the special Congress of the Socialist Party, at the beginning of February, expelled 17 Deputies who had been guilty of voting against the Paris Agreements, the rebels were given 30 days to seek readmission to the Party on terms of promising in future to observe discipline. This time-limit expired last Sunday; and none of the rebels—among whom are numbered MM. Naegelen and Max Lejeune—has applied for readmission. On the contrary, during M. Pinaud's attempts to form a Government, the spokesman of the "Seventeen" warned him explicitly that their votes could not be relied on if the Paris Agreements came back to the Assembly. In fact, the attitude of the opponents of German rearmament has too much support in the country for them to be willing to accept humiliating conditions; and events move in their favour.

The dispute over the Saar has greatly reduced the chance of the Senate's approving the Paris Agreements without amendment. This means that the Assembly will have to vote on the Agreements for a second time; and in that case the majority of the Socialists will vote "No." Many of the Deputies—including Daniel Mayer, Jules Moch, and Robert Lacoste—voted for the Agreements last December only because they did not wish to throw out the Government of Mendès-France. They will have no such scruples with

the team headed by MM. Faure and Pinay. Indeed, rebels against the Party's present line are likely to swell in number.

In taking the line he has about German rearmament, M. Mollet has created a situation in which his own resignation may be the only alternative to the splitting of the Party. The February Congress (held behind closed doors, to avoid washing dirty linen in public) witnessed a serious challenge to M. Mollet's policies, methods and personality. Max Lejeune levied bitterly the charge that Mollet's "Europeanism" was stimulated partly by his desire to become Mayor of Arras, with M.R.P. support; and a similar wish to have alliances with the Right influenced, he said, most of his supporters in the Party. When it came to a vote, Mollet won a majority so small (52 per cent.) that, if the question of more expulsions comes up at the next Congress, the verdict is doubtful.

ROME

Cracks in the Coalition

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Crisis looms over the Scelba agricultural reforms. This "compromise" scheme allows peasant-tenants to be turned off the land after a fixed period (2-3 years) following the contract. The reform worked out by the Christian Democrat Segni, and the Nenni Socialist Sampietro, gave the peasant 9 years free from fear of eviction, and then permitted it only where there was a good reason to justify it. The Segni-Sampietro land project is supported by the Communist Party, and Scelba's rejection of it, because of landowner pressure, has brought a wave of indignation among Italy's peasantry.

Scelba, as usual, is between two fires, the fate of all Christian Democrat Premiers. The Right-wing Liberals, under Malagodi, claim to be defending the 1,500,000 landowners who let out their land on the "mezzadria" (share) system (half-profits to owners). On the other hand the Communists, Nenni Socialists, most of the Social Democrats and many Christian Democrats reject the Scelba compromise. The rebel Christian Democrats believe that Scelba is signing his own death warrant by irrevocably alienating the peasant vote. Though the Liberals are staying in the Government at least until the Presidential election, the Republicans are now in revolt.

All this lends importance to the possibility of re-creating Socialist unity. The Social Democrats, who have asked for a special party congress to protest against Saragat's "betrayal" of the party by accepting the Scelba land compromise, feel increasingly that they are in a farcical position, propping up a reactionary Government. One group, headed by Mario Zagari, desires an alliance with the Nenni Socialists. They believe that the Sicilian regional elections in June will prove that, unless the Social Democrats withdraw from the Government, they will lose all hope of making any stand for Socialism.

It may be significant that Nenni has decided that his party will present itself independently in the Sicilian elections, whereas in the last regional elections (1948) a "People's Bloc" was formed with the Communists. Furthermore, in a statement to the press this week, Nenni said that the solution for Italy's problems need not necessarily be the "dictatorship of the proletariat"—a remark which was pointedly excluded from *Unità*. Nenni obviously will not break his pact of action with the Communists, but he could also have a "pact of action" with other progressive Italian forces. On one condition: they must accept his terms. Nenni does not want, as he said himself, to end up like Saragat.

WESTMINSTER

One View of Bevan

The debate on the Army Estimates on Tuesday promised to be a keen and profound debate in which the violent disagreements on Defence policy between Aneurin Bevan and some of his associates were to have been aired. Bevan's sudden decision not to support the Party's Defence policy was not only an abrupt volte-face, but was based on arguments unacceptable to many of his closest supporters. His abstention from the vote, however, was no comfort to the Pacifists who abstained on traditional grounds, or to those who abstained by way of general protest against the H-bomb. During his speech Bevan had punctured their rectitude by saying that he could see no logical or moral difference between the H-bomb, the A-bomb and "conventional" saturation bombing. But his sudden attack on the policy endorsed by an overwhelming majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party, on an issue which for some reason he had not raised or discussed at the Party meeting, an attack launched in public and directed towards the back of the Leader of the Opposition, shocked the Labour benches. The only people who were delighted at this were those who have, for some time, been patiently playing out rope in the hope that Bevan would ultimately hang himself. They beamed and said, "I told you so." Perhaps the angriest reaction came from some of those who, for almost four years now, have been trying to bridge gaps, agree formulæ, and achieve compromise in the interests of Party unity. This, they felt, was the last straw—but their anger was tinged with despair.

This being so, why were the differences between Bevan and his associates stifled in the Estimates debate? It was because the Parliamentary Committee had decided to recommend the withdrawal of the Whip from Aneurin Bevan. This, in the view of the Bevanites, transposed the issue from that of Defence policy, in which disagreement was possible, to that of the expulsion of Bevan; and on this the Bevanites were once again welded into unity. It would be wrong, however, to deduce from this that the question of withdrawing the Whip is a clear-cut division of Left versus Right. Most Members see it, not in this light, but as a matter of seeking to obtain by disciplinary means a concerted Parliamentary Labour Front. Reluctantly, grimly, and in full knowledge of the travail and turmoil which the decision may produce in the constituencies, some of the Left who have probably supported Bevan more often than not at Party meetings, will vote for withdrawal of the Whip. At the same time, some of the Right, worried at possible repercussions in the country, will vote against it.

It is almost inevitable that, at the party meeting, the recommendation will be carried, but it would be rash to assume from this that all who support it are sublimely content with the nature and direction of leadership at the moment. Indeed it can be argued that, free from the liability of Bevan's impetuous irresponsibility, and at times unnecessarily wounding tongue, which has driven many from the Centre into automatic opposition to anything suggested by him, a genuine Left can now be effectively deployed in the Parliamentary Labour Party. Aneurin Bevan's tragedy, which is in part his own fault, is that, in this situation, many of us now regard him as expendable.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

[Mr. Fienburgh, as always, expresses in his Parliamentary column his personal views.]

An Interview with Mr. Hatoyama

IN a frank and informal interview which he accorded me this week, Premier Hatoyama explained his controversial remarks, during the election, about Japan's relations with Peking and Moscow. The existing state of war must end, he said, but it was impossible to "recognise" Peking because Tokyo has good relations with Formosa, and in any case it would be unthinkable to fly in the face of American policy. When I pointed out that, according to the Tokyo press, Washington is applying pressure to prevent Japanese trade with China, and is refusing American visas to representatives of Japanese firms trading with Peking, the Premier said this was a false and malicious rumour.

We next discussed the prospects of the forthcoming talks with Russia about the release of Japanese prisoners, the position of war criminals, the question of fishing rights, and the possible return of the islands of Shikotan and Habomin. Mr. Hatoyama believed that an unknown number of prisoners are still alive in Russian hands, and he hopes that the U.S.S.R. may return the islands. I asked what bargaining card he had in his hand, if he were not prepared to offend Washington. Was not that Japan's real dilemma? He replied that anyway he would not quarrel with America. My impression was that his policy will differ little from Shigemitsu's.

I next raised the question of rearmament in the light of Article 9 of McArthur's Constitution, which (in the words of the *Nippon Times*) "envisaged the complete abandonment by the Japanese nation of the right to use armed force for any purpose whatsoever." The Premier's argument is that Article 9 permits the "inherent rights of self-defence," and this means that all weapons—including jets and paratroops—necessary for defence are permissible. What about the H-bomb? I asked. Mr. Hatoyama replied vaguely that the nature of "necessary" weapons changes fast. He admitted, however, that his interpretation of Article 9 was not universally accepted, and he therefore wants to have the Constitution amended to remove all doubts. This, he added, would be impossible in the present Parliament, with the Government enjoying less than a two-thirds majority. He believed, however, that a constitutional amendment would become possible in the next Parliament if the electoral law were changed; smaller, more numerous constituencies should give the Conservative parties the necessary two-thirds of the seats.

The Premier may well be right, especially since I see no prospect of genuine agreement between the Socialist parties: their whole outlook and philosophy is separated by a gap wider than that between the extreme Right and extreme Left of the British Labour Party. They will, however, unite in this Parliament to oppose any change in the Constitution. Meanwhile, I have found it impossible to explain or justify to Asian Socialists Britain's decision—with the endorsement of the majority of the Labour Party—to manufacture the H-bomb. Every Socialist I have seen in India, Hong-Kong and Tokyo, asks why Britain is not more independent of America. One may reply that British influence had a moderating effect on the U.S. in Korea and Vietnam; but it is impossible to make this argument convincing in the matter of the H-bomb, which—however it may seem in London—is regarded by Asians as the ultimate symbol of American policy in Asia.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Labour and the H-bomb

On Wednesday evening last week, I heard Aneurin Bevan making what was, for three-quarters of its length, one of his greatest Commons speeches. Having lashed the Government both for the incompetence of its Defence planning and for its failure to observe its own precept of negotiating from strength, he narrowed his indictment to a single question, addressed separately to Government and Opposition. Did the Government mean that nuclear weapons would be used against any sort of aggression, whether or not it was accompanied by nuclear attack? And, if so, did the Opposition give its support to that proposition? The White Paper we were debating seemed to suggest that this was the Government's intention, and the Opposition amendment dodged the issue. Would the Leader of the Opposition make it clear that Labour did not support such a course? If not, Mr. Bevan would have to abstain.

That seemed to me then—as it does now after reflection—to be an unreal, even a misleading, question, unworthy of the penetrating analysis which had preceded it. Indeed, the assurance for which Mr. Bevan asked would, in a sense, make the worst of all worlds. For the only purpose of the H-bomb (from the manufacture of which Mr. Bevan does not dissent) must be to deter. And to guarantee in advance that your potential enemy is free to invade you with impunity, so long as he sticks to the conventional weapons in which he far outstrips you, seems an odd sort of deterrent. Because, therefore, I thought that the specific point on which Mr. Bevan focused his difference with the Labour Front Bench lacked both the logic and substance of his formidable case against the Government, I did not feel ready to follow him in withholding support from the Labour Party amendment of censure. I believe, indeed, that his emphasis on this false point has distracted attention from a much more fundamental problem.

The real nature of that problem was stated earlier by Mr. Bevan with brilliant clarity:

> We cannot discuss this White Paper as though what we are really doing is providing the *instrument* of policy alone—because when the instrument which we are proposing to create is absolute, policy is intrinsically the instrument itself . . . because, the weapon being absolute, it is also policy. Therefore, the debate upon Defence to-day must concern foreign affairs as well as Defence.

It must, in other words, concern the fundamentals of the military alliance in which we are a member. Now this, as it seems to me, is just the point to which R. H. S. Crossman and George Wigg led us in their analysis of the Defence programme, published two weeks ago in this journal. They based their argument largely on two factors, neither of which has been given sufficient weight by most of those who have joined issue with them. The first was that the dividing line, technically, between the nuclear weapons we now possess and the H-bomb is not very clear—indeed, Crossman and Wigg believe that Britain already possesses the H-bomb. Secondly, Britain is, so far as Europe is concerned, an integral member of a military alliance which (as General Gruenther has confirmed last week) is now absolutely committed to waging war, if it has to wage it at all, with nuclear weapons. It follows, then, that Britain is, at this moment, fully committed to participation in nuclear war; to an acceptance in principle of the need to strike the first blow in nuclear war; and probably to permitting the use of British bases for the striking of that blow. In the face of this existing commitment, which is now involved in our membership of Nato and to which the Labour Party is equally committed with the Government, Crossman and Wigg expressed the view, with which I think Mr. Bevan agrees, that Britain cannot very well unilaterally deny herself the H-bomb. They went on to argue that possession of the bomb would actually strengthen our position inside Nato and give us a new opportunity of making "a supreme effort" to exert our influence on U.S. strategy.

It is at this point that I disagree with them. They seem to me to have greatly over-estimated the influence which could be effectively brought to bear on the U.S. by a Britain which possessed a few H-bombs, but remained committed to Nato. They seem also to have under-estimated the appalling danger to Britain of commitment to participation in a nuclear war which could, I believe, be begun without British consent or even, conceivably, over British protests. Last year this journal argued cogently against the policy of making Nato wholly dependent on nuclear weapons, basing its argument on Britain's unique vulnerability to retaliation. That step, however, has now been taken, and with it the odds against the success of what Crossman and Wigg frankly admit to be a gamble seem to me to lengthen disproportionately. The dangers to Britain are increased rather than lessened by the development of thermo-nuclear weapons and by the complete commitment of Nato to their use. The danger has indeed increased to the point at which the most sober assessment of British security must call in question the continued existence of the American bases in Britain, and thus of the existing British commitment to Nato.

This, then, is surely the real question which underlies Mr. Bevan's observation that the "instrument" and the "policy" have become indistinguishable. And this was what Crossman and Wigg meant when they posed, with some precision, the choice between "neutralism" and a final "supreme effort" with Nato. I thought Mr. Bevan wrong when he turned away from this difficult and essential truth to what might be called, without unreasonably twisting his words, an almost legalistic argument about the actual dropping of the H-bomb. Yet I thought his political instinct was dead right in telling him that the Socialist Left of the Labour Party cannot be committed to U.S. anti-Communist nuclear strategy. I agree with Crossman and Wigg when they blow away the pretence, which the Left has accepted for far too long, that we can remain a member of Nato without being involved in any of the dirty work; but I find unacceptable, on political as well as strategic grounds, their choice to remain a member, notwithstanding.

Yet the gulf between the two positions is not all that wide. Mr. Bevan says, in effect: "Negotiate with the Russians now, while there

is still time." Crossman and Wigg say: "One supreme effort . . . to find a basis for peaceful co-existence." Here surely is near agreement. Mr. Attlee's vague demand for Three-Power talks, with no more precise agenda than the "lessening of world tension" and the pursuit of "disarmament through the United Nations," is totally inadequate. The supreme effort must be directed towards persuading the Americans to join in (or at least, as at Geneva, to acquiesce in) immediate talks with the Russians to secure an agreed unification of Germany *before* the remilitarisation of the two Germanys becomes irrevocable. This must be the touchstone on which we first test our ability to influence the U.S. And the Labour Party should stand solidly behind Mr. Bevan in demanding those talks now. No British Government could stand up to such pressure from a united Labour Party. And what if the Americans were once again to impose their veto, as we are now told they did when the Prime Minister planned to meet Mr. Malenkov? Then, at least, British involvement in U.S. nuclear strategy could no longer be justified on the grounds of strengthening our influence in Washington.

If such talks were held successfully, the reduction of tension in Europe would be so great as to reduce enormously the danger of an ultimate nuclear war. But, even then, there would remain a problem which is basic to British security. Dare we, in the face of the H-bomb, leave Britain in the position of being automatically involved in a nuclear war which might not be of our choosing? Are we prepared to commit instant national suicide, if the Americans (or the Americans and the West Germans together) should blunder into a war situation? That, it appears, is the risk we have to accept while we accept the U.S. bases and our existing commitment in Nato. Is there a viable alternative? Can we avoid or reduce the risk by withdrawing from Nato into a defensively armed neutrality? And what, in this context, is a "defensive" armament? Does it even include the H-bomb, which would look a very different sort of deterrent if the control over its use were ours alone? Of one thing I am sure: Britain, as leader of a Commonwealth in which India, the most influential of its members, is neutral, could choose a similar policy of neutrality without the abdication of Great Power responsibility.

The risk, then, to which we are now committed, and the quest for an alternative, constitute the fundamental problem which the Labour Party has to face in the field of Defence. With the present paralysis of leadership, we should be innocent indeed if we believed that the Movement as a whole does not seek guidance and initiative from the Left. And we should be innocent, too, if we believed that, despite the tragic events of the last few days, the Left can function effectively without Mr. Bevan. Inside or outside the Labour Party, his is the one distinctively Socialist voice in Britain which carries authority all over the world. The arguments over this year's White Paper have served a purpose in stripping away from the problem of Defence much of the professional cant which has obscured it in the past. We can now see more clearly what the problem is. And if an effective non-Communist Left-wing is to survive in the Labour Party, it must now accept the responsibility of synthesising its varying views and agreeing on a coherent (and collective) answer.

JOHN FREEMAN

Lancashire's Import Crisis

LANCASHIRE is enjoying none of the exhilaration of Mr. Butler's boom. Like agriculture, but with more immediate reason, it feels that it is the forgotten community of Tory prosperity. It is not that unemployment and short-time working have begun to approach the dimensions of the 1952 slump. Many mills, however, had extended Christmas holidays through want of orders; and, since then, reports have been coming in almost daily of mills closing or going on short time. Indeed, even at a time when unfilled vacancies exceed the numbers unemployed and many mills are under strength, the whole industry fears that it is sliding into another 1952.

The problem is in part, but only in small part, due to the fall in exports. Last year, thanks partly to the Japanese trade pact, and partly to uncertainty about American raw cotton prices, Lancashire's exports of cotton piece-goods were the lowest since 1947, when we had barely begun to recover from the war. Excluding wartime years and years of immediate post-war recovery, 1954 saw the lowest exports for any year since the 1840s. But it is in the home market, now accounting for more than three-quarters of total production, that the problem has arisen. Last year, 133 million square yards of piece-goods were imported from India—seven times as many as in 1953. Perhaps 75 millions of last year's total were for processing here and re-export. The amount of Indian cloth retained for home consumption is still small compared with Lancashire's production, but who can say where the process will stop—with Manchester merchants advertising in India for additional supplies?

Lancashire's mood is not in the main protectionist. Indian wages are a long way below Lancashire's, but so is Indian productivity. On equal terms, say employers and unions alike, we need not fear competition. The problem is that, whereas world prices of raw cotton are kept high by American price-support policies (and Indian raw cotton is sold at world prices), supplies to Indian mills are controlled at a level some tenpence or a shilling less. This is equivalent to about 3d. a yard on woven cloth: if Lancashire weavers worked for nothing, the unions say, we still could not compete.

The Government have had this problem before them for several months, but have done nothing. In January, Mr. Low, Minister of State at the Board of Trade, visited Delhi and discussed the question with Indian Ministers. There were some hopes that India would increase her export tax on cotton goods; but in his Budget last week, Sir Chintaman Deshmukh lowered the duty on coarse goods (the medium grades, which mainly affect Lancashire, remaining duty-free) and at the same time increased the domestic sales tax on cotton goods, to force more into the export market. This has hardly reassured Lancashire, particularly as nothing has been done to reduce the very high rate of import duty on the trickle of Lancashire cottons entering India.

The Government have been asked by the industry (the merchants and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce vehemently dissenting) to find a means, not necessarily of excluding Indian imports, but of limiting them to a definite figure so as to remove present uncertainties and the depression of market values. Mr. Thorneycroft, who in any case usually tends to sacrifice production interests to those of merchants and middlemen, is naturally unwilling to act in breach of the pre-war Anglo-Indian trade agreement, the Ottawa agreements and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, by imposing quotas. By the pre-war agreements Indian manufactures enter Britain duty-free; for at the time it was negotiated, the idea of Britain's importing from India would have appeared as far-fetched as that India's imports from Britain would fall to only 3 million yards in 1954. Tariffs therefore present as many difficulties as quotas.

This was the background to the visit to London three weeks ago of the entire Legislative Council of the United Textile Factory Workers' Association, to meet the Lancashire and Cheshire Group of Labour M.P.s. The fact that this was the first such deputation of the whole Council gives some impression of the anxiety which is felt on the union side—and feeling on the employers' side is no less strong. As a result of this deputation, the Lancashire and Cheshire Labour M.P.s worked out a plan to meet the immediate crisis; and this was unanimously endorsed by the Legislative Council at a subsequent joint meeting in Manchester.

The scheme is essentially simple, and has the merit that it does not fall foul of the pre-war agreements or of G.A.T.T. What we propose is that a Cotton Goods Import Commission be set up by statute and given the exclusive right of import of cotton piece-goods and yarns into this country. It would continue to import all goods which enter into international trade on a "fair basis," including Continental cloth coming in under the O.E.E.C. liberalisation arrangements. It would presumably allow unlimited quantities of Indian cloth for re-export, but would place a limit on Indian piece-goods for the home market, as long as "unfair" conditions applied in the prices of raw cotton. Similar limits would be applied today to Portuguese and Egyptian yarns, which are exported on terms which amount to dumping.

This is the only scheme, so far, put forward for dealing with Lancashire's crisis, and few would resist our claim that it would be effective. At the same time it is consistent with our international obligations. It does not involve increased tariffs, or quotas in any accepted sense of the word. It follows indeed what the Labour Government did, and the present Government are still doing, in the import of jute goods, where public control has been maintained to protect United Kingdom producers. There are no special features of the jute goods trade corresponding to the price differentials in raw cotton, so it can be fairly said that the case for the proposed Import Commission for cotton is even

NEXT WEEK

Spring Books

including TOM DRIBERG on Billy Graham and the religious revival and, the first of a new series of Reassessments, WALTER ALLEN on *Howard's End*

ALSO

The Crisis in Israel

by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

more justifiable. The Legislative Council and the Lancashire Labour M.P.s are well aware that the scheme they have put forward is limited to one immediate problem only, and does not deal with the wider measures that will be necessary to bring health to Lancashire. But what we all clearly realise is that no plan to deal with the long-term problems has any hope of success if we fail to deal with the uncertainties and insecurity caused by the present crisis.

HAROLD WILSON

London Diary

WHY were the Lobby Correspondents so wrong on Tuesday morning about Monday's decision by the Shadow Cabinet to demand the expulsion of Mr. Bevan? Almost all of them forecast that the trouble would be patched up, and interpreted the Attlee motion calling for Three-Power talks as a concession to the Left. In fact, of course, it was a fig-leaf for the Right. But I think I know how the mistake arose. Great care was taken at the conclusion of the meeting not to leak its decision until Mr. Bevan had been informed in writing. But a number of the participants had been prepared to talk fairly freely earlier in the day. In particular, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Gaitskell—yes, indeed—allowed it to be known among their intimates that they were opposed to expulsion—though Mr. Gaitskell actually voted with the majority. Who then was for it? Not Mr. Dalton, nor Mr. Chuter Ede, nor Mr. Wilson. For these, if we may this time believe the *Daily Express* Lobby Correspondent, actually voted against it at the meeting. I hazard a guess that Mr. Morrison, Dr. Summerskill, and Sir Frank Soskice—a gentle extremist, if ever there was one—were the three furies who goaded their colleagues into this tragic decision.

* * *

It is just nineteen years since the *Daily Mirror* broke to a startled British public the King's decision to marry Mrs. Simpson. The public in every other country had known of it long before. But in Britain there had been an understanding among the newspapers to suppress the royal scandal. Nowadays we are less discreet about the private lives of royalty, and newspaper readers have been regaled for many months with tit-bits about Princess Margaret's alleged desire to marry an untitled courtier. Still, the five and a half million readers of the *Sunday Pictorial* must have been surprised by what they found awaiting them with last Sunday's breakfast egg. Three whole pages telling us that Margaret must now face the choice between royal duty and a private marriage, and that the Caribbean tour was, in effect, an ingenious shot to convince her of the lushness of the pastures to be enjoyed inside the royal enclosure. On Monday, the *Daily Mirror* followed the story up with five whole pages, and on Tuesday it again ran it as the lead story. The other Sunday papers that I saw (with the exception of the later editions of the *People*) were caught in positions of unaccustomed respectability; and the story was almost entirely boycotted on Monday by the London dailies. So the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* had something like a clean scoop. What fun if it also proves to be true! There is one similarity between this occasion and the *Mirror* group's earlier scoop, nineteen years ago. Once again, English newspaper readers are being told what others already know. The *Mirror* story was identical in its essentials with a story which had appeared in *Time* magazine of February 14. But not in the edition circulating in Britain.

Can it even be that a whiff of royal scandal is the explanation of another oddly unexplained story? So at least some B.B.C. gossips naughtily suggest. When the public men appearing on *In The News* protested recently against the indefensible rule that the B.B.C. may not discuss anything likely to be the subject of debate in Parliament within the next 14 days, almost everybody thought they were right. M.P.s were mostly shocked by Sir Winston's peevish affirmation that he would never consent to any change in the rule, and puzzled by Mr. Attlee's dead-pan agreement. The Princess, once again, is said to be the explanation. If her choice is marriage, the Government's intention has been to rush through the necessary formalities, with the consent of the Opposition, before public opinion has time to demonstrate its feelings—one way or the other—in a manner which might embarrass the Queen or call in question the stuffy protocol which surrounds the Royal Family. The power to veto the discussion of a particular subject within a particular period of days is an important part of that plan.

* * *

I can understand why Mr. Mintoff, the leader of the victorious Maltese Labour Party, argues that the island should be represented at Westminster: left to itself, it could support a few goats. Its population lives on the British base, but has no control over the conditions which the Colonial Office and the Admiralty impose. But Mr. Mintoff wants it both ways: the electorate, for instance, being overwhelmingly Catholic, insists that in any union Malta should be excluded from British divorce laws. For similar reasons the Maltese continue to add more children every year to a population that is already too large. Two Maltese M.P.s at Westminster might be one of those agreeable anomalies on which our Constitution thrives. But what if Gibraltar demanded the same status? And St. Helena? And why should we give representation to these distant colonies and deny it to the electors of St. Helier, Douglas or St. Peter Port? I am not at all sure what is the best form of government for small dependencies which cannot support themselves in the style which we decree for them. But I suspect that something like the status of the Isle of Man or the Channel Islands might be worked out. Mr. Mintoff, who talks of an "Ulster" solution, should remember that political union does not of itself solve economic problems. In fact, the dockyard workers who voted for Mintoff might well send a deputation to discuss the problem with a dole queue in Belfast.

* * *

What a shameful thing it is that the colour bar issue on the West Bromwich buses should have been reopened just when it had seemed to be settled. And how curious are the circumstances. For last Saturday, after talks with the local Transport Committee, the men reaffirmed an earlier decision not to operate a colour bar. How, then, does it come about that three days later their words are denied by their actions? One reason is the local branch secretary of the Transport and General Workers, Mr. Deeley. He was one of those who, to his discredit, refused last Tuesday to take out his bus, if an Indian conductor accompanied him. Such an example by a Union official may well have misled others. I do not, for an instant, doubt that Mr. Deakin and his Executive mean what they say when they condemn racial discrimination. But I can't help contrasting their relative inaction in this case—and the lack of any unequivocal protest from the Labour Party—with what happens when unofficial strikes of a different colour occur in the docks, say, or on the London buses. Is it true that these racial demonstrations in West Bromwich are being organised by a little clique of Mr. Deakin's supporters who are too politically valuable on other occasions to be effectively pilloried now? Mr. Deakin could count on far more support than he usually gets for strike-breaking if he would get to work and clean up this particular mess.

* * *

All those who recall and respect the courage of Olive Schreiner will be glad to hear that a group of eminent South Africans has decided to mark her centenary by founding in her name a university scholarship for women. I have just received their appeal, which quotes her moving and, unhappily, too topical plea: "On our great African flag, let us emblazon these words, never to take them down, Freedom, Justice, Love; great are the two first, but without the last they are not complete." Contributions should be sent to Mr. Philip Segal, Department of English, University of Cape Town, Rondebosch.

* * *

A park-keeper told me the other day that few people now use public drinking fountains. I had noticed that one specially monumental fountain had no mugs on its gloomily dangling chains, but he capped me by declaring that it had no water, either. "People want something better than water now," he said, "and they've got the money to pay for it, kids and all." Is the drinking fountain doomed? Will our grandchildren ask what these crumbling monoliths were for? There are sensitive fashions in drinking. Last week the Norwich and Norfolk Licensed Victuallers' Association asked the Taverham Magistrates for half an hour's extension every night, "to counteract the effects of television." TV has only just conquered Norfolk, but the evening customers in the pubs are already drinking up quickly and getting off home. They perhaps take a bottle with them, but they could get that at the off-licence, which (accordingly) is as inexorably supplanting the pub as the soft drink bar is superseding the water-fountain. I never quite know why we spend so much time assuring each other that we live in an age of transition, as though nothing had ever changed for our fathers. But the signs of change are perhaps odder and less plainly directional than they were—like the notice outside the famous pub on the road to Epsom Downs: "Ye Olde Coaching Inne: NO COACHES."

FLAVUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I have nothing against coloured nurses, but in illness I would prefer a British nurse because for us white is traditionally in keeping with the hospital atmosphere.—*Daily Express.* (J. Schoup.)

Mr. Ronnie Waldman, head of B.B.C. television light entertainment, does not believe that viewers in this country will willingly watch the parading of personal emotions on the screen.—*Daily Express.* (A. Comerford.)

It is permissible to say that you hunt in pink, but not that you wear a pink coat. You wear a red coat, but you cannot say that you hunt in red. You can also say that you wear a scarlet coat, but the expression "hunting in scarlet" is on the borderline.—*The Field.* (F. G. Fox.)

Sheffield police were looking last night for a man who had been described as "a typical English gentleman." They had been warned that he might be dangerous.—*Birmingham Post.* (J. Fremlin.)

One in a Hundred

The term "illiterate" is not used in the Services, but in the Army numbers of National Service entrants have been found unable to read.
—MR. MACMILLAN.

No blockheads in the Forces can enlist,
The baseless allegation is dismissed—
The Army chiefs obliterate
The very word "illiterate,"
Illiteracy therefore does not exist.

Though one of every hundred call-up men
The A B C finds quite beyond his ken,
Those mentally retarded
Can be simply disregarded,
And none need be sent back to school again.

Recruits have been through the scholastic mill,
And minimum requirements all fulfil—
Since call-up men dim-witted
For the Forces are unfitted,
The proportion of illiterates is nil.

The ranks have all the schooling that they need
(A gratifying state of things indeed!)
And when the intake's sorted,
No illiteracy's reported
Though one per cent. can neither write nor read.

The Army tests are passed by every one
When military training is begun—
All conscripts passed for fighting
Pass in reading and in writing,
So illiterates in the Army there are none.

SAGITTARIUS

The New Look in Russia

ON February 19, *Izvestia* came out with a full page devoted to the Importance of Planting Maize; it allocated a quarter of its total space to this seemingly unexciting problem. Since then, other papers have followed suit, with reports from dozens of areas of the far-flung Soviet Union on the successful experiments made in maize-growing—some even in the neighbourhood of Archangel, or in the Autonomous Soviet Komi Republic in the far north of European Russia. Readers are told that, thanks to the damp soil in these parts and the midnight sun, maize can be grown more successfully there than in other places with a more temperate climate. Needless to say, the maize cobs do not actually ripen in the Far North, but the leaves and stalks, if properly treated, provide invaluable fodder for cows and other livestock. Just as, in the past, gigantic press and radio campaigns were conducted in favour of collectivisation, and then afforestation, and finally Michurin-Lysenko methods, so a campaign has now been launched to show that maize is the thing that will solve the problem of Russian agriculture.

What is at the back of it? After carefully examining all the speeches and documents pertaining to the recent Government changes in Russia, I am more convinced than ever that what the Soviet leadership sought to achieve by replacing Malenkov by Bulganin was a "double psychological shock." First, it was important to make the outer world sit up—and realise that it had missed a great chance by pooh-poohing, for two years, all the offers of conciliation, agreement and coexistence made by Moscow. Molotov's and Bulganin's speeches were intended to convey the idea that, if necessary, Russia *also* could talk from "positions of strength." Secondly, the Russian consumer was told sharply to face hard facts.

The Soviet Cookery Book, of which I wrote recently in this journal, was a typical product of the "Malenkov Era." Not only did it suggest that Russia was now a land of infinite plenty, where every housewife would before long have a fridge, but it also recommended that, for the good of his health and his working capacity, every Soviet citizen should consume four meals a day, and that, according to the nature of his work, he should have a daily diet of between 3,000 and 5,000 calories. It seems obvious now that, with real wages rising, and with the consumption of food rapidly growing in both town and country, production has just not been able to catch up with this constantly increasing consumption. Friends who have been in Moscow in the last six months or so have told me that food conditions were becoming "very difficult indeed"; and that, although there was still plenty of tinned food in the shops—a lot of it imported—there was a serious shortage of fresh meat, eggs, milk and other dairy produce.

These stories fit in perfectly with Khrushchev's famous Report of February 2. He made no secret of the fact that consumption was growing much more rapidly than production where food was concerned. His attack on "consumptionism," and on the "so-called theorists" who, following in Bukharin's and Rykov's footsteps (as he put it), imagined that light industry could be given priority over heavy industry, may or may not have been intended as a personal attack on Malenkov. It was certainly an attack on certain people high up in the administration, and, indirectly, on the general public which was beginning to take things "too easy." The recent increase in the amount of drunkenness, by the way, must be considered a by-product of the same easy-going ways.

The Khrushchev Report was important in other respects. For the first time in many years the Soviet leader gave some information on the problem of the Russian population. According to Khrushchev, it is now increasing at the rate of three million a year—a rate which, if maintained, would assume, if not astronomic, at any rate Chinese proportions before very long. Khruschev, moreover, added that, in the last five years alone, there had been a further migration from rural to urban areas of no fewer than 17 million people. In short, for the first time in many years, the Soviet leadership officially related food production to population. Until recently, it was somehow assumed by all official propaganda that the Soviet Union's resources were "unlimited." Now Krushchev suddenly declared in effect that they were "unlimited" only on condition that a tremendous effort was made to maintain the growth in food production at least at the same rate as the increase in population. And he made it perfectly clear that this progress had not been maintained, especially in view of the people's "changed habits." Thus, he stated that the consumption of meat had almost trebled in Russia between 1940 and 1954, and that the problem of meat was the most acute of all.

It may be recalled that in August, 1953, the same Khrushchev gave a detailed—and highly damning—analysis of the livestock situation in Russia. He then stated that there were many fewer cows in the country than there had been in 1928, before collectivisation. Tax exemptions and various other measures were then taken to encourage the collective farms to increase the number of their cattle; in the case of cows alone, the increase in one year was to be one from 26m. to 29m. This target has not been reached. The figure given for October, 1954, shows an increase in the number of cows by only 1½ millions; moreover, Khrushchev complained of the very poor average milk yield. In the case also of the animals for slaughter, including pigs, he declared that both the number and the quality of the animals were totally unsatisfactory on the whole.

One of the fundamental points to which Khrushchev attributed the extremely slow progress in cattle-breeding was the shortage of fodder. Significantly, he spoke in glowing terms of the remarkable achievements made by stock-breeding in the U.S.—achievements which he largely attributed to the fact that 35 per cent. of the whole American area under cultivation was devoted to maize, nearly all for animal consumption. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, he said, maize was grown only in small quantities in the Ukraine and other southern areas, and, on his recommendation, the Supreme Soviet ordered that the area growing maize be increased in the next few years from 2½ to 28 million hectares (over 60 million acres).

What is not entirely clear is to what extent the growing of maize is to be developed *in addition* to all the present crops, and to what extent it is to be done *at their expense*. Nor is it entirely clear from Khrushchev's Report by what means he expects to increase the all-over production of cereals to a figure in the neighbourhood of 200 million tons by 1960, as against the present production of about 130 or 140 million tons. The reclaimed and virgin lands of Central Asia and Southern Siberia may be expected to produce 6-10 million tons, but allowance must be made for the invasion of maize into areas now growing other crops. Indeed, it is difficult to judge what the chances are of reaching other targets fixed by Khrushchev, such as the doubling of the quantity of milk produced between now and 1960, the tenfold increase in the cultivation of maize, and the 30 or 35 per cent. increase in the total output of cereals. Industrial targets in the Soviet Union, ever since planning started, have almost invariably been attained, but the same has never been quite true in the case of agriculture, owing to a mass of complex technical and plain human factors. It is, nevertheless, significant that for the first time the Soviet leadership should have drawn up quite so thorough and detailed an agricultural programme as that approved on the strength of the Khrushchev Report.

Two questions arise: will it be necessary, or not, during the period between now and 1960 to slow down on the "prosperity drive" of the last few years—possibly even to the extent of introducing rationing in some cases, especially in the case of meat? And secondly, now that the Soviet leaders are obviously conscious of the "population pressure," will the drive in favour of a high birthrate be maintained—complete with family allowances, medals for mothers of six or more children, etc.—a drive which was very understandable during the years immediately following the war, which cost the Soviet Union probably about 15 million lives? Birth control is not prohibited in the Soviet Union, and contraceptives are widely available. But the famous abortion law was abolished in 1936, since when abortion has been illegal. Nevertheless, the latest law of February 7, which amends the older anti-abortion law by making abortion no longer a criminal offence in the case of the pregnant woman herself, seems to point towards a certain relaxation of the policy in favour of a very high birthrate.

ALEXANDER WERTH

New Barbican

ONLY planning on the grand scale, and in accord with values transcending the commercial, can prevent a revival, in the City of London, of the cramped, ugly, and outdated office blocks that commemorate the years between the wars. There is no hiding the fact that, over a large part of the precious square mile, the battle is already lost. As soon as materials became available and building licenses were first freely granted and then abolished, the property companies—as was their business—wasted no time in running up the kind of buildings that will bring in the greatest rent for each square foot of land.

Yet there is one large area (as well as two smaller ones of consequence) whose destiny is unsettled. This is the forty-acre wilderness between Aldersgate and Moorgate. And for several reasons it is particularly suited for large-scale development. It was almost wholly devastated by the great fire raid of 1941; the planner need consider only the Ironmongers' Hall, some mean and expendable shops, and the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate (bombed, but now being restored). The pattern of ownership, by City standards, is simple, and a good two-thirds of the land is in the City Corporation's hands. And land values, though high, do not reach the fabulous extremes of the Mansion House neighbourhood, where it is said that a five-pound note will buy only the patch of pavement it covers.

The fact is that the Aldersgate neighbourhood has always been rather a down-at-heel part of the City. Bisected by a grim-looking railway line, and criss-crossed with streets whose narrowness could not be excused by any claim to be quaint, this was the realm of small business, or of business just big enough to infiltrate the northern fringe of the City. It was above all the home of the cloth trade; but in the warren of mean buildings, where offices, warehouses, and petty workshops mingled fortuitously, a jobbing printer might be neighbour to a maker of Christmas novelties. The opportunity for a bold new deal is evident, and so is the danger of allowing piecemeal development. The show-places of the great business houses, after public controversy and the intervention of the Royal Fine Arts Commission, finally assume a shape which, if not inspiring, is often architecturally respectable. Bucklersbury House affords an example. But nothing on the scale of Bucklersbury House will be sited Aldersgate way, unless from public policy.

In this situation, it was not so much strange that a group of lively architects should produce the New Barbican scheme, as it would have been depressing if the profession had had nothing to say about these forty acres of uninterrupted ruin. The bombed area, in fact, stretches south across the line of the new east-west street, still unbaptised and referred to as Route 11; and north beyond Barbican to the border of Finsbury. But, challenging though the prospect was to any architect who thinks in big terms, it was from within the City that the first suggestion of building the whole site to a coherent plan arose; it was from an E.C. address that, in July, 1953, Mr. Bryan Anstey, a valuation consultant, wrote the letter to *The Times* that started the ball rolling. Mr. Sergei Kadleigh and his partners proved willing to tackle the job, and their plan has been sponsored by a committee under the chairmanship of Sir Gerald Barry.

Now there is not much that Mr. Kadleigh's group has in common with the directors of City property companies, but there is one thing: determination to make the maximum use of every square inch of ground. More clearly perhaps than other modern architects, they see that we can't go on for ever turning our farms into garden suburbs and still expect to feed ourselves. Their High Paddington scheme was a proposal to tell the man on the London waiting list quite bluntly that he couldn't have a little house and a vegetable garden, but that he could have air and light and—in a tower above Paddington goods yard—live as free from chimney smoke and traffic rattle as if he were in the depths of the country. London, in short, must stop moving out and move up. And what is true of living space is applied, in the New Barbican scheme, to working space as well.

But since I have related this latest proposal to High Paddington, I must dispel the confusion sometimes expressed by the misnomer "High Barbican." The scheme does not aim at dwarfing the classical landmarks by a plantation of skyscrapers. It includes tall buildings, certainly, but they are spaced to form a broken and not a crowded skyline; they are related visually to the major structures that would lie between New Barbican and the river—St. Paul's, Guildhall, and the Bank; and the tallest of them would equal only the height of Wren's dome, leaving St. Paul's the higher by its ball and cross.

I must now summarise this ambitious scheme as best I can. It is proposed to excavate the whole site to a depth of sixty feet, except for a tongue of land which will hold the church, the Ironmongers' Hall, and some open space. Below ground there will be three or four floors (the ground slopes) used mainly for warehousing, and served by the railway, which will be covered and will have a new spur, and by an internal road system. Just below street level there will be parking space for three thousand cars, all on one floor to avoid wasting space on spiral ramps.

It is above ground that the plan becomes most revolutionary, for the idea is to cover two-thirds of the site with solid blocks of masonry five storeys in height. These office buildings will contravene the accepted standards of natural light and air. The workers in them will depend wholly on artificial light and ventilation, drawn not from the grid but from generators below ground, which will also provide surplus heat for central heating, power for deep-freezing and similar uses in the warehouses, and other advantages. To type all day without looking out of a window will be a new experience for your English miss, but the architects point out that she will be in no worse case than many factory workers, or than typists in modern American buildings. The point of these solid blocks is to provide a second "ground level," devoted mainly to gardens, and allowing new vistas over the City. It will be interrupted by the existing streets and by Route 11; by the open space round St. Giles' church which I have mentioned; and by an adjoining area which the planners propose to devote to single buildings—mainly of a social or civic character, like a new Trade Hall, but also including a really modern business hotel with office suites for existing executives.

Other buildings will rise above the new street level, and they will house living as well as office accommodation. In the taller buildings, which may run up to twenty storeys from the upper level, flats and offices will be dispersed in layers so that lifts and services are in constant use. But most of these blocks will rise only to three, four, or six floors. In the flats and maisonettes thus provided, four thousand people may make their homes.

The upper street level, although fifty feet above the old streets, will have roads of its own, rising on ramps, for private cars and delivery traffic. This will be New Barbican's "High Street"; for the ground floor of the additional blocks will have shops and restaurants.

A great deal might be said for and against this astonishing scheme, but one thing is quite certain. If it is adopted, the City's growing reputation for clinging to old ways in building will vanish overnight, and town-planners the world over will flock to London, as they have flocked to Marseilles, to view a challenging answer to the problems of living and working in the modern city. Whether it will work, in a dozen practical ways, remains to be seen, and the architects can justly say that the only way to find out is to try. For instance, the density proposed is well above the accepted maximum and would need special legislation, but the provision of a second "ground level" that would consist mainly of gardens surely puts this matter in a new light. Again, the number of offices provided in the solid blocks might exceed the demand; or it might not, if the cloth trade returned *en bloc* to its former habitat and if the idea of an office in New Barbican caught on.

But will the experiment ever be tried? Public opinion, perhaps, will sway the issue. The latest news is of a setback. Because part of the space is allotted to small factories, the scheme cannot officially be considered unless it receives an Industrial Development Certificate from the Board of Trade. This is still under consideration. Meanwhile the City's Court of Common Council has availed itself of this technicality to refuse to entertain the plan, and even defeated a suggestion to re-examine it if the Certificate is forthcoming. The Court's decision seems to have been somewhat hastily taken, and the minority vote on the amendment was substantial. There is good ground for thinking that the last word has not been said.

MERVYN JONES

Thoughts in the Wilderness

DOERS AND SEERS

IN Texas, where I was last autumn, there are some men who by successful "wildcatting" and gambling in oil have piled up fortunes of hundreds of millions of dollars. They buy up newspapers and periodicals, put out radio and TV programmes that spread their prejudices across the States, and arrange for biographies to be written and for hundreds of thousands of copies to be bought and distributed. They feel they are wiser, nearer the "good Lord" of whom they often speak, than ordinary men who would not know how to find a couple of hundred million dollars. The mantles of the Prophets have fallen upon them. The people should hearken unto them. And many of the people do, so that good men and women are hounded out of jobs, and ignorance, stupidity, monstrous prejudice, all darken the air.

It is clearly absurd that a man should think he is a sage and prophet because he has taken great wealth out of holes in the ground. But can we afford to smile at this notion? I doubt it. One reason why I went to Texas is that it offers us the spectacle of our contemporary society with the lid off, so to speak, and in Technicolor. When these dangerous donkeys say in effect "Money is power, power is wisdom," we cannot afford to smile at their naivete, if only because the world we live in, the one that shapes and colours our lives, acts more or less on the same belief. It is a world that has come to imagine, with disastrous

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consequences, that the doer is also the seer.

Stated baldly like this, it is obviously nonsense. The doer and the seer are quite different—are indeed opposing—types of men. One has to be in the thick of it, the other must remain detached. One acts, the other looks on. One mind is geared for quick decisions, the other is slow, brooding, comprehensive. Nobody in his senses would expect a born seer to *do*. That much is generally acknowledged. But it is equally ridiculous to suppose that a dashing and triumphant doer can really *see*. And this is by no means generally acknowledged. It may be in theory, but it is not in actual practice. We live in fact in a world of doers who also ask us—or compel us—to regard them as seers. And the mess they are making stains the pages of every newspaper we read.

In the records of the ancient world, especially those of the East, we read how emperors and conquerors, whose mere frown could mean death, were visited by sages and prophets who told them plainly to their faces that they did not know what they were doing. It was assumed then, even by the masters of power, that power and wisdom were not the same thing, that there existed another realm in which armies meant nothing, that deep insight could not be hacked out with a sword. Any man acting on that assumption now would probably soon find himself either in jail or in a mental hospital. Indeed, those who enjoy power make more and more moves to protect themselves from any adverse criticism. In this they have been immensely helped by the hysterical atmosphere of our bomb-heavy world. Even if the bombs should be outlawed, this atmosphere will remain, to complete its task of turning people into sheep.

There is just a chance that a man might inherit power and still retain some characteristics of the seer. But a man who has spent most of his adult life intriguing, bargaining, fighting for power will have rid himself of these characteristics, if he had any, very early in the grim game. There would be no harm in this if, while on the way up, he did not convince himself that with power comes wisdom. But if wisdom does not come from million-dollar holes in the ground, why should it come with a majority of the votes, the secretaryship of the Party, a control of the army and navy, or whatever else puts a man in supreme authority? Somewhere in the vast territory controlled by Stalin, for example, there must have been a few sages, perhaps tucked away in Central Asian monasteries, who were much wiser than he was. Did he send for them, as many a despot of the ancient world did? I cannot swear he didn't, but the odds are heavily against it. Did he need a seer in the midst of all his doing? In my view, he needed one very badly. He had cunning but no real insight.

Chinese leaders as great as Mao and Chou En-lai could bring themselves, long ago, to stand abashed before smiling, slit-eyed old mystics who commanded nobody and owned nothing. But our despots are both too narrow-minded and too conceited. They are where they have always wanted to be, on top of the heap. How could anyone be wiser than they are? If a few old deviationists look like giving trouble, shoot them, torture them, offer them a choice of solitary confinement or brain washing. Don't try to improve your own mind and outlook; simply get rid of everybody and everything that might improve them: that is the new style, headlong in pursuit of catastrophe.

No doubt it is all much better on our side of the Curtain, where perhaps our great doers consult—of course in secret—such seers as they can discover. But there are times even here when it is difficult not to feel rather dubious. It may be necessary—I do not propose to argue the point here—that we in England should manufacture hydrogen bombs. But even the most enthusiastic admirer of potential large explosions would have to admit there is no medicine here for a sick civilisation. All we have here is a bit more frantic doing. But who among these doers, whose wisdom we are asked to admire, is *seeing* anything he did not see before? Who is telling us what is wrong with Man, not what is wrong with another set of people in another part of the world, with this policy and that policy, but what is wrong with *us*? There are two great questions. The first is—how do we get out of this hydrogen-bomb-world without being blown out of it? The second is—how do we begin to live so that we do not pile up these frustrations and resentments? I do not blame a man for not knowing the answers. But he must not ask me to admire his superior insight, his statesmanlike wisdom. He must not pretend that the doer is all-sufficient, that the seer is no longer necessary.

Even if we descend from these supreme heights of ineffectuality, where *Don't Know* is in conference with *Can't Imagine*, we can observe this fatal notion, that wisdom comes with power, hard at work. Most of us have relatives, friends, acquaintances, who have been determined for years to arrive somewhere important, to be on top somehow, to achieve power. Their lives have been conditioned by this determination. They have allowed themselves to think about nothing else. No detachment is possible to them, otherwise a move or two, a trick or two, might be lost. Feverishly they search for the next ladder, try to avoid the next snake. They run from committee to committee, with something that might be useful on each agenda. They join forces with Smith; they drop Robinson; they make overtures to Jones. They are on the telephone from eight one morning until two the next. They neglect their wives and children, forget their friends. They no longer read, enjoy music or the theatre, take walks, talk affectionate nonsense, consider the great mysteries of this life. In them the lover, poet, philosopher, friend, all wither away. Everybody and everything become mere means to an end. Ambition eats them away. And as it is power of some sort they want, it is power they achieve.

It is at this point, when they have the power, the mischief begins. If they realised how much they had lost on the way up, if they knew themselves to be psychologically lop-sided and spiritually maimed, no harm would be done. We need these strenuous and single-minded doers. But now, when they have the power, they should consult the seers to learn what use they should make of it. And this is what they will not do. They can hardly be blamed. They have succeeded in a world which sees itself in terms of power, which regards the power-seeker as the typical superior man, which hardly acknowledges the existence of the seer. Why should the triumphant doer consult anybody—except perhaps other triumphant doers—when he has arrived where every sane, vigorous, able, ambitious man would like to be? If the seer had these essential qualities, he too would be in a position of authority. Why ask the advice of a man who does not even know how to look after himself? Does success consult failure? This is what the multi-millionaire oilmen would say. Some of the men much nearer to us than these Texan toughs, our own smoother types, might not say it; but they would think it.

If this supremacy of the doer were only concerned with manufacturing pins or selling shoes, no great harm would be done. But he shoulders his way to the top not only in business, politics, administration, but also in many forms of education and in every kind of mass communication. Everything now is so big and elaborate that only a ruthless doer can cope with it. But once he has coped with it, then he feels that it should express him and his type and not any vague, woolly-minded chap who drifts along. If the seer gets in at all, it will only be at a very low level, where he cannot do much harm. And if he decides to ignore all this massive thundering machinery of communication, he will discover that his tiny dwindling audience can hardly hear him. The voices that can be heard everywhere, from which indeed it is hard to escape, belong to doers-in-chief, all the camp followers of power, and doers hastily rigged out to look like seers. (For example, American big business parsons who run large churches, TV and radio programmes, advice bureaux, and turn out syndicated columns and best-sellers.) These disguises and deceptions are occasionally necessary simply because the great simple public, for which they are always intended, has not entirely lost touch with the ancient world and still has a lingering belief in disinterested wise men, sages, seers. And perhaps the dupes know more than those who deceive them.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Moral of a Poet's Funeral

(By a Correspondent in Paris)

PAUL CLAUDEL was little known to the general public, except as a name. It was somehow assumed by most that he was a great but rather unreadable poet; and except for readers who, for one reason or another, had devoted themselves to a cult of Claudel, most French intellectuals tended to take the view that Claudel had reached the heights of poety only on very, very rare occasions—in his *Tête d'Or*, say, or *Partage de Midi*. Yet when he died last week he was given a State funeral at Notre Dame, with almost the whole of M. Faure's Government present, while the Right-wing press and the Government-controlled radio proclaimed in unison that France had suffered an irreparable loss.

This outbreak of official mourning was bound to produce a reaction. First came the criticism from numerous sides that it was grotesque to put Claudel on the same level as Victor Hugo. As the *Canard Enchainé* put it: "He resembles Victor Hugo as a bowl of holy water does the Mediterranean; both are water." But the objections to the quasi-canonisation of Claudel were less on literary than on personal and political grounds. Claudel was a man who loved money; he was a man who lacked the "decent instincts" of the French intellectual; he was, politically, not only obscurantist, but opportunist to the point of cynicism; he had been an Ambassador, and, in later years, enjoyed the patronage of Big Business, which paid him generously for holding purely decorative directorships. More than that, Claudel meant the Church in its most obscurantist aspects: Claudel meant Vichy: Claudel stood for all the wrong causes.

In 1940 he wrote his *Ode to Pétain*, with these incredible lines:

> France, écoute ce vieil homme sur toi qui se penche et qui te parle comme un père,
> Fille de Saint-Louis, écoute-le? Et dis en as-tu assez de la politique?

The opinion held in Vichy at the time was that he was simply after the post of French Ambas-

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sador in Madrid. Certainly his devotion to the Marshal did not prevent him from composing an even more lamentable *Ode to de Gaulle* four years later:

> Tout de même, dit la France, je suit sortie. . . .
> Et vous, Monsieur le Général, qui êtes mon fils et vous qui êtes mon sang. . . .

But it was not even these inanities that the critics of Claudel's official deification found most objectionable. Covered with decorations like a Christmas tree, Claudel had all the meanness of the *bien-pensant* conformist. He was anti-Dreyfusard in his youth; when Jules Renard naively mentioned "tolerance" to him, he used the revolting phrase: "*Il existe pour ça des maisons. . .*"

"How far, how infinitely far are we from the God of Bernanos!" the *Canard* exclaimed.

The last nail hammered into the great man's coffin is that truly horrible "patriotic" poem glorifying the butchery of the 1914-18 war.

> Tant qu'il y aura de la viande vivante de France pour marcher à travers vos sacrés fils de fer. . . .
> Tant qu'il y aura un de vivant, de vivants et de morts tout à la fois.
> Tant que vous voudrez, mon général!

Those responsible for the Indo-China war thought a little on the same lines. The *Canard* was right to see in the official fuss made round Claudel's funeral something ominous. It was more than just "the beginning of the M.R.P.'s election campaign"; it was a glorification of the kind of conformism that not only worships the Established Order, but cares nothing for the sacrifice of the living. "*Si la bombe fait de l'ouvrage qu'est-ce que c'est qu'une âme humaine qui va sauter?*" That was written by the man whose funeral filled Notre Dame.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Deus Ex Machina

It was a funny thing that the snow should come just then, trapping us all together. A *deus ex machina*, my father called it, the working of a kindly Providence, for what happened during the snowstorm and afterwards benefited him in no small measure.

There we were, gathered together for our New Year family dinner, my mother and father, my Aunt Amalie with Uncle Louis, her husband, Aunt Lotte, who helped my mother with the house and the poultry—or so I then believed, and my mother was too good-natured to suggest that Aunt Lotte was anything but a help—and my cousins Stephanie and Friedrich, who had just become engaged. For ten years now in our family we had celebrated, not as formerly Christmas, but New Year. This had come about because Aunt Lotte had lost her fiancé one Christmas ten years ago. He had fallen from a fir tree when cutting the topmost branches for Christmas decorations and had been killed outright at Aunt Lotte's very feet. She refused to leave the scene of his death, and since that had been the wood at the end of our garden, she had lived with us ever since, and had ruthlessly involved us in her Season of Mourning.

At first I had bitterly envied the carefree Christmases of my friends, but I came gradually to accept as normal the deep mourning that Aunt Lotte wore at this season, and the howl of anguish that broke from her if anyone should sing in her hearing "O Tannenbaum, wie treu sind Deine Blätter." It was the very frailty of these accursed branches that had caused her Gustl's life-line to be prematurely snipped off by an unkind fate. She had turned her affections later, it seemed, to Louis Henzel, but there again fate was against her, and Amalie, her own sister, had married him. Now the sight of the young romance of Stephanie and Friedrich, reminding her anew of her loss, deepened her melancholy. When she had first heard of their engagement she had turned an eye that seemed to scatter curses on the prospective marriage and said to the shrinking Friedrich: "Cousins should never marry. It is not successful. *Es kann nicht gedeihen.*"

So there we were, sitting round the table, eating turkey and Apfelstrudel and cream, and, to keep Aunt Lotte in a good humour, talking of the hopeful season of New Year, and of how Frau Schenkendorff had recently married again, although she was fifty-eight, and of how young Aunt Lotte was looking.

"Not a day over thirty-eight," said Uncle Louis who had felt a prod from his wife's elbow, and then, as he was aware of a more violent thrust from her, "Thirty," he said, gulping it through the Liebfraumilch that glistened on his reddish moustaches. Friedrich and Stephanie, wilfully separated by Aunt Lotte, who could not endure even the sight of their fingertips touching, sat silent all this time, looking helplessly at each other across the dividing width of the table.

My father had not made one single tactless remark all evening, and my mother, who led an uneasy existence between him and his sister, was beginning to smile all over her broad, smooth face. When suddenly he called across to Louis "Remember the great snow of '98 when we were shut up in the house for weeks on end?" . . . My mother began to make great, agitated signs at him, flapping her handkerchief, tugging at the nearest parts of his clothing. But it was too late. Aunt Lotte gave a great moan, "Ach, Stefan! That was the year of my Gustl's death!"

That had done it, we thought. Now even New Year was to be darkened and made miserable. Tears, as large as Rhinestones, were beginning to flow down Aunt Lotte's pale cheeks, she showed all the unmistakable signs of an approaching nerve-storm.

Just then young Friedrich pointed a slender, white finger to the window and spoke these two dramatic words: "Look! Snow!" Our eyes followed his finger and we saw, fluttering down past the red velvet curtains, enormous, crisp snowflakes. We crowded to the door, thankful for this timely diversion, and Aunt Lotte's unhappily renewed vision of poor Gustl, launching into space from the summit of his Tannenbaum, was extinguished by the sudden shiver produced by the sight of so much snow coming all at once. My father, with the belief in his *deus ex machina* beginning to dawn on his relieved face, went methodically round the house, preparing for a state of siege.

"Louis!" said Aunt Amalie in a voice that demanded instant obedience. "We must leave at once!"

But they did not leave. The roads were blocked before their carriage could be brought round to the front door, and there we were, all trapped in together. We had food for a day or two, and logs to last us for months. We might be hungry, we would not be cold.

The first blow fell when my father came in to tell us that, as we had sat eating our dinner, foxes had broken in among the poultry and only the old grey goose was left. Aunt Lotte turned very pale at the mention of the goose. She at once suspected a dark design. She was right.

"We will have to wring its neck," said my father cheerfully. "Who will do the deed? It will be tough, but we must eat something."

There came a scream from Aunt Lotte. "Stefan! That was *Gustl's* goose!" Unconsciously she used the past tense.

However ridiculous it might sound, it was true. Gustl had brought it, then young and tender, on the eve of that ill-fated Christmas. I could still remember, though I must have been very young at the time, how Gustl Schreck had walked up the garden path carrying a covered basket, out of which had glared, darting like a snake, the head of the grey goose. And since Gustl had met with his untimely end some hours after this, Aunt Lotte had seized on the goose and treasured it, *faute de mieux*. A ring would have been more romantic as a last gift from her fiancé, but she had not yet received a ring, so there it was, the goose had to do. My father had been indeed foolhardy to speak so lightly of the death of Gustl's goose.

And it was at this point, with Aunt Lotte given over to what we called, with a discreet understatement, *Nervenerregung* (to avoid which we were all ready to sell our souls, to celebrate Christmas at New Year, or, if need be, to blot it from the calendar forever), it was just then that two interesting things happened, for two characters were suddenly revealed in a new and hopeful light. Uncle Louis, a Rheinlander, despised by the entire family as weak and unreliable, with every decision made over his head for him by the masterful Aunt Amalie, now emerged from the obscurity of the little corner where he had been quietly sitting, drinking Liebfraumilch. "Charlotte," he said, "*you* are a goose."

These words, had he spoken no other, would have been in themselves amazing enough. But he had only begun. "Lotte," he went on, "you have inflicted your misery on this family long enough. You are not going to starve us now.

For ten years (and God knows what went on before then!) we have had no Christmas and *I like Christmas*. I hate New Year. No Christmas since your Gustl fell off his damn tree! And do you know *why* he fell off it?"

Here he thrust his small, flushed face close up into Aunt Lotte's outraged one. "*He drank!* He was probably drinking up the tree and that was why he fell. Lucky for him he did! If he had known what he was letting himself in for he wouldn't have fallen—he'd have jumped."

He addressed us all now and not only Aunt Lotte. "I have lived in between these two," here he waved his arms at Lotte and Amalie, "for ten miserable years. If I get out of this snowdrift alive I know what I am going to do." He paused for those ominous words to sink in, then shouted: "Bring in the goose!" He was inspired, of course, by his unusual consumption of Liebfraumilch, but not entirely. A new and bolder man was emerging.

Before the gasp of fury that could be seen botting its way rapidly up Aunt Lotte's throat to her lips could emerge, before Aunt Amalie could thunder an imperious and astonished "Louis!" a new surprise came, the second. The pale and elegant Friedrich, whom we all secretly held to be a rather effeminate young man, stepped forward and spoke the words that became a new family tradition in heroism: "*I* will wring the goose's neck."

As he said this, he looked pointedly at Aunt Lotte. He had not forgiven her for her words about marriage between cousins. This was his revenge. Stephanie looked at him adoringly, as though in him she saw the spirit of Karl Moor rise again.

We watched him march from the room with a resolute air, then turned to Aunt Lotte to see what she was going to do. But she had no answer to this revolutionary situation. She lowered herself very slowly and carefully into a chair beside the piano and sat there, silent and gaping, and even when Friedrich returned, quietly triumphant, and with blood-stained hands, she had nothing to say. Things had got beyond her.

This happened on the first day of our imprisonment. On the fourth day we ate Gustl's goose. As my mother set the bird on the table the door opened and Aunt Lotte swept into the dining-room. To heighten her mourning from her normal and, by now, quite unremarkable Christmas-tide black, she had added a great, black cap that hung forward over her eyebrows and gave her something of the appearance of Grillparzer's terrible Ahnfrau.

She watched us eat, she did not eat herself. She sat back with folded hands and looked above and beyond the plate that had been set in front of her, as though invoking the spirit of Gustl in paradise. We waited for an outburst from her that would surpass in violence all the others, but she was silent. The truth was, I think, that her ingenuity in inventing suffering was coming to an end and that even she was at last tiring of her ten years of self-imposed mourning. I suspect, too, that she was by then very hungry and that all her energies had to be concentrated on her determination not to fall on her portion of goose and devour it.

Gustl's goose was very tough and seemed to stick in our throats. The very steam that rose from it did so in a dismal and mournful fashion. But Friedrich ate his prey with calm dignity and Uncle Louis with a sort of bouncing enjoyment and very noisily. I caught him once glancing slyly over at the silent Lotte and whispering to Friedrich in a wicked misquotation "Wer nie seine Gans mit Tränen ass!" When he had finished, as if to emphasise his complete emancipation, he crossed over to the piano and began to sing: "O Tannenbaum o Tannenbaum, wie treu sind Deine Blätter!

Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerszeit
Ja auch im Winter, wenn es schneit."

As he sang these last words the snow ceased to fall. There was something miraculous about it. Friedrich pointed once again to the window. We all looked out at a clear sky and at the sun beginning to shine.

"Es geschehen noch Wunder!" said my father, awestruck.

And indeed, wonders had happened. Friedrich stood there with his arm flung masterfully around Stephanie's shoulders and Uncle Louis had a cheerful, dissipated appearance. He had not stopped drinking Liebfraumilch for three or four days. He brushed aside the protesting Amalie as he filled his glass with a careless independence.

Aunt Lotte gazed round at all these newly-revealed enemies. Even my mother looked weary of being the only one who would put up with her continuously. "I think," said Aunt Lotte slowly, "I think that once the thaw comes I will take a short cure in Baden-Baden." From that day forward, to take a cure in Baden-Baden became in our family synonymous with feeding on honey-dew and drinking the milk of Paradise—it was a foretaste of heaven.

Later, when we talked of the Great Snow, my father, leaning back at ease in a house where for so long he had tried to make light of his sister's peculiarities and that was now strangely peaceful in her protracted absence, would say thoughtfully, "Yes, it was a funny thing how the snow came just when it did. In fact," he added, "I have never come across a more striking example of the direct intervention of Providence. It was a case of what you call a *deus ex machina*."

W. N. Orr

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The Arts and Entertainment

As You Like It

THE Old Vic's new production, *As You Like It*, is altogether charming. After a rather indifferent season so far, suddenly that happy combination of elements has arrived which shows off the talents of this company at their very best, all at one time. The same thing happened the last year at Stratford with *The Taming of the Shrew*. Instead of that sense of strain which comes from watching a young company busting themselves to do more than they can, in a moment they are all at ease, playing well within themselves, and well to each other, without one jarring element. And then one understands at last the vision which, we may suppose, inspired the hopeful Director at the beginning of the season: this, more or less, was how he envisaged it, how it was all meant to be.

The producer of this *As You Like It* is Mr. Robert Helpmann, and in the present state of Shakespearean production we may pardonably hold our breaths a little anxiously when a ballet master is down to direct. But there is not the slightest need here. Mr. Helpmann's is a straightforward lyric production, with touches of pure poetry in the grouping and the lighting and a really fine discretion in matching the parts; the comics, above all, are delightfully toned down and do their fooling in a reflection from that romantic light which glows over the main parts. The romantically absurd is the tone that is caught and held—and it is the right one. Mr. Domenico Gnoli helps this on with a decor of great elegance. Is his wood scene a little over-prettified? Perhaps, and perhaps his costumes for the banished court are his least successful, and in general their romantic acceptance of their banishment is not the note which is best brought out. But as an example of the excellent, of the perfectly managed and staged, notice that quartet in the last act where the four lovers protest their devotion. That is done with a beautiful grace and style.

Miss Virginia McKenna would, if I were speculating in reputations, stand short favourite on my list of future winners, but not, in spite of the evidence of this admirable Rosalind, as a Shakespearean actress. Her enunciation has something irredeemably contemporary about it (as, too, has Miss Gwen Cherrell's), and the moment she comes before us in costume her stage personality splits clean in two. But once in her jerkins and tights, she makes a decisive hit with the role and she made it by adding to her striking appearance a gay and quick wit. If she is a little less strong on the poetry, she has a neat tongue for the run of the prose which is more important here. To hear her playing the witty variations on the different usages of Time, for instance, is a real delight. Miss Gwen Cherrell backs her splendidly as Celia and Mr. John Neville played the mooning Orlando with nice judgment; it is not so easy to carry off convincingly the absurdity of Rosalind's youthful pretence, but Mr. Neville found a mood of indulgent half-belief that worked the trick excellently.

Mr. Paul Rogers set the tone for the comics with his splendid bumbling Touchstone, admirably placed within the whole. Some delightfully fresh comic business had been invented, slyly rather than noisily amusing; and what an overwhelming advantage in a Shakespearean clown is range of voice. How cunningly Mr. Rogers rings the changes on the pronunciation of the word Rosalind in the rhyme he reads! I liked, too, Mr. Eric Porter's restraint in his lounging-out-at-heels Jacques. Restraint indeed was the order of the day all through, a restraint which brought all the corners of the play into the centre so that it comes together as one piece—and a very engaging piece, too.

At Stratford E.C., Theatre Workshop presents a very successful production of *Volpone* in modern dress. I must confess to a predilection for modern dress productions once in a while; they often light up with extraordinary brilliance a too readily accepted classic. Here Mosca, Volpone's creature, comes out wonderfully aptly as a spiv, completely credible in every detail, and when the play is restored to its own setting we shall find it all very much more alive for having seen it done this way. Not all the characters emerge so well from this treatment. Corbaccio, the invalid, does for one; and, in the trial scene, Voltore the lawyer does, too. The Fox himself, however, is very much diminished, though this may be partly a misjudgment on the part of the actor, Mr. George Cooper. Miss Joan Littlewood, who produces, made amusing comments through her Sir Politick Wouldbe and his wife (whom she played herself as a cod on Joyce Grenfell); but these jokes are really a gloss on the text rather than interpretations strictly out of it as the Mosca does.

T. C. WORSLEY

Handelian Drama

WHAT are we to do about Handel? He is one of our greatest national possessions, and we shamefully neglect him. It is not that he bores us; on the contrary, suddenly encountered, he is liable to bowl us over by his melodic fertility and Olympian assurance. Still, we don't know how to deal with him. Of the two largest categories of his music, his operas and his oratorios, the first began to go out of fashion in his lifetime, the second has lost favour in our own. *Messiah* always excepted, Handel's oratorios have no firm hold in the current choral repertory: they are becoming festival works, as the operas have long been museum pieces.

On such occasions we look for comfort to the B.B.C. "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être joué," Beaumarchais might have said, "on le radiodiffuse." And, sure enough, the Third Programme is currently running a series devoted to Handel's dramatic music, which ends next week with *Jephtha*, and included two performances last week of *Semele*, a secular oratorio to a text by Congreve. Like most of Handel's larger works, *Semele* makes the impression less of a great single work of art than of a picture gallery in which a number of inspired canvasses hang beside others that are always competent and effective. Since the work consists of 76 numbers, it had to be severely cut. Of what was left, nothing else was quite so fine as either "O Sleep" or "Where'er you walk"; but that is hardly surprising, since these are among the most eloquent and perfect songs in all music. The latter was finely sung by William Herbert, and thenceforward the music seemed to grow more sensuous, more brilliant and appealing, as the plot reached its picturesque climax.

Handel was above all things a picturesque and dramatic composer, and consequently his operas might be expected to contain the best of him. In a sense, they do; through his forty Italian operas there are scattered not only beautiful arias, but extended dramatic scenes of considerable power. He showed his strong theatrical instinct especially in his extremely varied use of accompanied recitative and arioso, with which he delighted to bridge the gap between dry recitative and aria. In such points of detail he was a tireless innovator; but he was also so much a man of his age that it never occurred to him to attempt any major change in operatic convention. As Romain Rolland says, in his still very readable study of the composer which was first published in 1910: "He opened no new path in opera, although he advanced far along almost every existing path. He is constantly trying, inventing, and always with a remarkable certainty: he seems to know just what he is doing." And yet, Rolland adds, scarcely one of his artistic conquests remains in his possession: wonderful innovations of practice will be found in

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almost every one of his operas; in the next, he has quietly returned to the standard forms of his day.

The two great problems of Handelian opera, from our point of view, are the castrato parts and the complex, boring and stilted plots. The current B.B.C. solution, by which heroic parts, evidently written for a brilliant and powerful type of voice, are assigned to the gently cooing, ecclesiastical notes of a counter-tenor, is unsatisfactory; but it is hard to suggest anything better. A youthful Brünnhilde or Fricka, if such a thing existed in England, would perhaps be more appropriate; and yet, though we might accept a virile-sounding female voice in such parts as Rinaldo or Admetus, it must always remain something of a shock to hear Ulysses, Tamburlaine or Julius Caesar hold forth in the soprano clef. Nor does it work well to transpose the parts down an octave and give them to a tenor or baritone.

A much more serious obstacle, however, is the total absence of reality in plot and character. To Gerald Abraham's valuable *Handel: A Symposium* (Oxford, 25*s*.), Edward Dent contributed a brilliant chapter on the operas, going through them one by one with his inimitable combination of wit and scholarship. He makes no bones about the tediousness of almost all these librettos—in fact, he is often very funny at their expense; nevertheless, he more than once insists that any concert performance would be "a disgraceful sacrilege," leaving us to infer that a broadcast performance would be something still more heinous. It is better, he implies, not to hear Handel's music at all than to hear it without scenery and action. That does not seem very sensible.

A vivid impression of Handel's English surroundings can be obtained from the pages of O. E. Deutsch's *Handel: A Documentary Biography* (Black, 70*s*.). This monumental and liberally annotated compilation, a companion volume to the same author's *Schubert*, contains every relevant contemporary document; scholars will find it invaluable, and the general reader will enjoy browsing in its pages. It was, however, decidedly whimsical of the publishers to claim that this admirable printed museum is "infinitely more alive" and "more readable" than a straightforward biography. One might as well claim that the Handelian opera-plot was infinitely more alive and more enjoyable than those of *Figaro* and *Die Meistersinger*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Look and Listen

IN a very interesting letter, a reader has taken me to task for my support of the Television Service in its recent brush with British Railways over the latter's refusal to grant it the necessary facilities for the making of the *Special Enquiry* programme. My correspondent's letter raises once again the whole problem of the relation of broadcasting to politics. "It is taken for granted by the ordinary labour local party member," he tells me, "that the B.B.C. programmes are all against Labour."

I wonder if this is so. And, if it is, I wonder whether one might not also find that the ordinary members of local Conservative associations thought that B.B.C. programmes were all against the Tories. For it is perfectly plain that so far as the parties are officially concerned they are so frightened of either getting an edge on the other in broadcasting and television that both insist that whenever a Labour member appears then too must appear a Tory: "pairing" has become as regular a feature of broadcasting as it is of the House of Commons. Moreover, it does seem that in this question of broadcasting and television both parties will tumble over backwards rather than give the other a grievance it can seize on and capitalise. The Labour Party opposed commercial television: the Director-General of the I.T.A. is Sir Robert Fraser, who, before he became a civil servant, was a Labour candidate and a Labour journalist. The editor of the I.T.A.'s news organisation has recently been appointed: he is Mr. Aidan Crawley, who has been a Labour member and a junior Minister. Both appointments could be thought of as attempts to play for safety, for political safety.

My correspondent, I think, falls into an error which I certainly have been guilty of in my time; and that is to conceive of the B.B.C. as a human being with a plan and a policy and an opinion on every subject which he is consciously putting over the public. But the B.B.C. emerges as a personality only on rare occasions and then in a negative way, generally when it is banning something. Then it seems to me safe enough to give the credit or the blame to the Director-General and the Governors. And how, in any given issue, is their decision likely to be determined? I suggest by their ability to smell that mysterious thing "the sense of the meeting," the meeting in this instance being the Establishment. What, politically, is the Establishment today? Not, I imagine, the whole gamut of opinion from King Street to the extreme Right but mainly the central wedge that extends from Mr. Gaitskell, with his trade unions behind him, to Mr. Butler. It is the implicit reference to the Establishment, to "Butskell," that dictates, I would guess, the B.B.C.'s choice of political and economic themes for discussion and the speakers to be called upon.

And really, if it is thinking in terms of parties, there is little else the B.B.C. can do. From its very origins and constitution, it is a middle-of-the-road body, its function to reconcile rather than to estrange. The results of this may well be maddening to the politically conscious, whether Labour or Tory, who do not find their views entirely typified by Mr. Gaitskell or Mr. Butler. The more extreme and unorthodox will always be under-represented in B.B.C. programmes. What one always wants more of in political and economic programmes is not the party spokesmen, whose speeches we can write for ourselves beforehand, but private persons of independent mind of the Left and the Right.

No doubt, the official party broadcasts are quite another matter. So far—though we shall know better in a week's time—if seems to me that in TV the Tories easily lead. I cannot think that last week's party broadcast can possibly have brought the Liberals an additional vote. It was surely a mistake to have put the one programme both on sound and vision, for it was the vision that suffered. Heard only, it would have been pedestrian enough; but seen, it was disastrous, over-scripted, over-rehearsed—how unconvincing were the polite laughter, the enthusiastic hear! hears! and how patently in the TV version were the speakers wedded to their scripts! The difficulties were obvious and they were underlined by Mr. Byers's performance: he alone was at ease, but he alone was a performer of great experience.

But let us turn from politics and contemplate Mr. Peter Ustinov. In recent weeks Mr. Ustinov has become as a benison to our TV programmes. Not so long ago the cameras visited him at his home, from where, with Mr. Peter Jones, he entertained us with his splendid mimicry; and the other evening we had his play *The Moment of Truth* with himself as the Marshal. It was admirably produced by Mr. Rudolph Cartier and very well acted: apart from Mr. Ustinov himself, one would single out especially Mr. Hugh Griffiths. As a play it seemed lacking, as regrettably, one so often finds Mr. Ustinov's plays: it is as though he will persist in making his omelettes with one egg too few. And one felt the Lear-motive was allowed to become altogether too overt, so that in the end Mr. Ustinov was taking on Shakespeare himself. All the same, how intelligent, and how lively! Doubtless because of its context, it sparkled as probably it would not when seen in the theatre. And what a fine vehicle for its author! He is the best television actor of them all.

WILLIAM SALTER

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The Comeback

"A Star is Born", at Warner's

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And as it has started, so it goes on. There is just enough satire to resist the dreadful claims of fable; song—to the accompaniment of falling Masonry—keeps sensation going. Miss Judy Garland is a world in herself. A new world: sometimes she seems almost a humped old-timer, till her eyes light up and the hard voice and mouth melt; then a devil gets into her, she sheds feminine attire and in black tights and a kind of brief kimono she'll become all eyes, action, and appeal.

Her songs are superb, and especially that one which relates how she was born in a trunk in the Princes Theatre; every verse or phase of a show-girl's career is enacted in this film within a film, which goes on and on exploiting a dream-technique—and what does it matter that the whole thing's supposed to be a first try-out in a movie house? It could go on forever in the splendid knowledge that it's got something: something as good as Astaire or Kelly at his best. Miss Garland really is one of those feminine wonders that script-writers are always trying to conjure up out of the relentless tedium of Hollywood's self-intoxication.

The film has got something, too, if not quite as much as Miss Garland. Directed by George Cukor, it matches vivacity of colour with movement as vivacious, and—for, I think, the first time —the wide screen seems not a foot too wide. The scene when Miss Garland is pin-pointed distantly beyond an auditorium while to the right every word and action are enlarged on a big television screen, is only one example of this new awareness. The earlier stages of *A Star is Born*—which, despite cuts, lasts two and a half hours—are decidedly sardonic; and even when the sentimentality of star love comes into its own, with Garland up, and Mason down, the spell-binding still works. At the end he asks her for a heartbroken little song, and swims out into the sunset; and there's a weird satisfaction in that. One can't imagine Mason's romantic bitterness better seized. One can't imagine the new Judy Garland at all without seeing her.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Bernard Buffet, at Tooth's

Twenty-four of the twenty-seven large canvases here have been painted this year—in two months. Most of them are still lives: a few are heads and landscapes. All are easily recognisable Buffets—the thin, hungry formalisations, the severe ashen colour (although now his palate is becoming a little more sensuous), the hard dry-point-like outlines. They differ from his earlier work largely in their degree of assurance. Buffet is clearly a very gifted painter. He is one of the most fashionable artists in Paris because his agonised style suits the current philosophical mood there—the faces of all his figures are as sharp as upturned anchors and their hearts as heavy. The critical question is whether his work justifies the weight of its emotional effect. At Tooth's there are some reproductions of three huge panels which Buffet has painted on the horrors of war. These seem to me to be truly tragic. At the top of the stairs there is also a large fish still life in which the emotion is justified by the whole method and conception of the painting. Most of the others I think are facile. A vase of flowers or a clock are seen in exactly the same spirit as the torso or face of a massacre victim. Elongation can express either suffering or over-refined elegance. The figures of certain Bond Street women may be very similar to those of the undernourished—but the causes are very different. It is that sort of distinction which Buffet fails to make. Yet having said this, one must emphasise that he is very young, that in intention he is entirely a humanist, and that when he paints 24 over-facile pictures in two months, one cannot help thinking that the dealer's world is partly responsible.

J. B.

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FEAR OF THE BOMB

SIR,—In their important article on the implications of the hydrogen bomb Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg devote one sentence to the possibility of passive defence. The possibility is discounted largely because politicians of the extreme Right and Left, for different reasons, wish it to be thought that such defence is impracticable. I contend that this is not so. Any shelter which will give complete protection against "conventional" bombs will also give it against plutonium or hydrogen bombs bursting in the air more than a few feet above ground level. Persons in a tunnel at Nagasaki escaped. Such shelters would not give protection against a hydrogen bomb bursting on the ground. But so far as can be made out from the very inadequate data available, only those within a few hundred yards of the burst would be destroyed. It is further possible to give warning of the approach of aeroplanes or missiles of the V2 type which would enable most able-bodied people, at least, to reach such shelters, were they available. Incidentally, these shelters would give full protection against the fall of radioactive dust in areas outside that of widespread immediate damage.

The construction of shelters offering protection to most of the inhabitants of Britain would be very costly. But the cost would probably be less than the annual expenditure on the so-called Defence services, of which only some sections, such as the Home Guard, the anti-submarine services, and the fighter branch of the R.A.F., have a primarily defensive function. In spite of its cost, such a scheme is not impossible. The Swedes have made shelters for a large fraction of their population which are believed to be safe against plutonium bombs, and are probably nearly so against hydrogen bombs. The cost per head of making such shelters for cities such as Edinburgh and Liverpool, where there is much rock near the surface, would probably be no greater than in Sweden. It would be greater, but not immeasurably so, for London.

In 1934 I published, in the *Daily Herald*, a plea for the construction of bomb-proof shelters, and for the storage of wheat in national granaries, as defensive measures against a war which was already threatening. I was told, among other things, that nobody would use such shelters. Shelters were not, in fact, made on any large scale till 1938, and subsequent events proved the inadequacy of many of them. No attempt was made to store even a year's supply of food. The danger today is far greater than in 1938. It could, I believe, be averted by international agreement. But I am selfish enough to wish to survive if such an agreement is not reached. A few hydrogen bombs would doubtless destroy Britain's war potential, and the protection of our lives is therefore of little interest to some of our allies. But it is of interest to many British people. I have little doubt that if the Labour Party promised protection against hydrogen bombs it would win the next election. And a visit to Sweden would, I think, convince its leaders that the promise could be kept.

J. B. S. HALDANE

London, W.C.1.

SIR,—The danger of the Crossman-Wigg analysis is that it absolves the Labour Party from the necessity of making difficult choices. We can now, they say, have the best of all worlds. We need not radically change our foreign policy (except in Germany), we can stay in Nato and restrain the Americans, we can abolish conscription, we can have Defence on the cheap by relying on nuclear weapons, we can throw in a bit of Civil Defence as well, and we shall still have enough left over to maintain our standard of living and win the economic battle against poverty and Communism in the under-developed areas.

The analysis rests on a double fallacy. It accepts, on the whole, the faulty political premises of the Government and then proceeds to draw the wrong strategic conclusions from them. The Government's premises are that the Communist States threaten the "free world" with military aggression, from which they can be deterred only by the build-up of pre-

ponderant power. If these premises are accepted, it is difficult to avoid coming to the same conclusions as the Government has done.

The Nato appreciation of the situation—confirmed by Churchill's speech in the Defence debate—is that *at the moment* the Soviet bloc is not strong enough to achieve a decision in a thermo-nuclear war, while the Western forces are too weak to resist a Soviet attack with conventional arms. There is a short period during which it is possible for the Western Powers to brandish the thermo-nuclear weapon as a deterrent against a Soviet attack with conventional forces. This situation will, however, be completely transformed in 3-4 years' time. There will then be a situation of H-bomb parity ("saturation," in Churchill's terminology), and both sides will then be extremely reluctant to start the thermo-nuclear exchange. The Nato threat to convert a conventional war *from the outset* into a thermo-nuclear one will then be dropped.

The Western leaders, not daring to put themselves in a situation in which the *sole* deterrent to a Soviet attack would be the willingness of several Western nations to commit suicide, are forced to seek to build up an alternative deterrent in the form of conventional forces. That is why Shape clings so obstinately to its demand for the four British and the twelve German divisions, and the much more numerous German reserves which will follow in their train. For by adding a substantial and well-equipped German army to what the other West European countries can muster, it will *in fact* be possible to reduce the Soviet superiority in conventional arms to below the level (three to one) which an attacking force requires to be reasonably sure of success.

Given the Government's premises it is therefore necessary, not only to make the hydrogen bomb, but also to press on with West German rearmament and with preparations for every type of war, including a major war *starting* (though improbably *finishing*) without the use of nuclear weapons, minor localised wars of the Korean type (in the Middle East or South-East Asia) and colonial wars. It is true that this will be economically burdensome for this country, but a Defence expenditure of, say, £2,500 millions will not mean utter ruin. It will merely make it more difficult to resist the spread of Communism.

The truth is that we shall get back to a sane and viable policy for this country only by attacking the foreign policy of the Government (and, substantially, of the official Opposition) at its roots. That policy is now visibly approaching bankruptcy. In three or four years from now, if we escape an American-led preventive war in the meantime, we shall reach a situation in which the preponderance of military power will rest decisively on the Communist side. When that moment comes Britain and Western Europe will be faced with a choice between mass suicide and acceptance of a tough, impregnable and slowly but steadily expanding Communism. Barring accidents, the choice will not be suicide.

If we want to avoid that unpleasant and dangerous situation we must change our policy now. The main problem is how to compel the Americans, as well as the Russians, to *negotiate*, that is, to make concessions. The best way to influence the Americans, as we have seen in the Far East, is to tell them that if they behave foolishly they will have to go it alone. So long as we make it clear to the Americans that we dare not move from under their protective umbrella we have no power over them.

What the world needs today is an India in Europe. Britain—if possible, together with other West European countries—can fulfil that role. We can act as the mediating third party whose intervention can alone bridge the gulf which divides the two main protagonists. With just sufficient arms, including maybe the hydrogen bomb, to convince other countries that they could not rob the hive without getting stung, and with our existing economic strength and our power of influencing world public opinion, we could bring a great accession of strength to the group of uncommitted nations now led by India. We should not indeed constitute a Third *Force*, if by "force" is understood military power alone, but as a balancing factor in international affairs our combined military, economic and moral power could be decisive for peace.

The best hope for mankind lies in the growing strength and influence of the "Peace Area" Group. It is only through the active political intervention at all points of this Third Group that we can hope to solve the outstanding disputes in Europe and the Far East, relax international tension, achieve a disarmament convention with effective international control, and establish a world security system under a reformed and truly representative United Nations.

This is the policy which the Labour Party must now proclaim.

WILLIAM WARBEY

House of Commons.

SIR,—Your reference to the "logical force with which the case is presented" by Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg is likely to mystify your readers. If we lay aside the issues of armament efficiency and morality and ask *why* the authors acquiesce in the manufacture of the H-bomb, their case appears a tangle of contradictions.

The objective of Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg is peaceful co-existence. Also they accept a key point made repeatedly in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION: that the concept of bargaining from strength and "peace through strength" is an obsolete and dangerous illusion. I assume they are referring not only to the problem of winning the arms race, but to the danger to peace itself; Mr. Crossman and his associates have long rejected the notion that the essential condition of peace is a Western destructive capacity greater than that of the East. Yet, in this article, the authors argue that Britain should make the bomb because it will give her greater power to restrain the United States and allow her to "carry more weight in the Kremlin" on the disarmament issue. They have praised the success at Geneva where nations of minor military standing led the negotiation of a reasonable settlement while the colossus of the West sulked at home far away; they note the impossibility that "those you seek to terrorise with weapons of mass destruction will continue meekly to accept their position of inferiority," but then conclude that, if Britain wants the Russians and Americans to listen to her, she must arm herself with the H-bomb. The authors want the British bomb to play a pacifying role, but their own views appear to deny the possibility, and certainly they have demonstrated no constructive role for the bomb. Is this bomb thought to be different because it is a *British* bomb?

The argument applied by Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg to conventional German arms is applicable in most respects to British nuclear arms. They ridicule the defensive significance of twelve German divisions which add "little to the atomic deterrent of the U.S. strategic air force." Would a dozen British H-bombs added to the mammoth Western stock-pile be any different? The authors seem to believe this when they state that *if* Britain forswears nuclear weapons, "the Red Army whenever it wanted to, could reach the Atlantic seaboard . . ." I am sure most British people accept the point of Mr. Low's cartoon caption: If the Russians have three times enough bombs to destroy us, does it matter whether we have twenty, or one hundred times enough to finish them off?

Mr. Crossman and his associates have also repeatedly shown that British acquiesence in German rearmament binds this country tightly into the American bloc, thus reducing our chances to mediate between East and West that settlement which is our only hope. Is the practical effect of Britain's joining the United States in the hydrogen race any different from this? True, Britain is already involved, but why bury deeper the chance to break loose and join India in a full-time effort to keep the giants from each other's throats, and only make certain that Britain will be annihilated if war breaks out? If Britain is to mediate, she must become as independent of each side as possible, at the undeniable risk of antagonising the United States Government. Europe said "No" to the atom-bombing of Dien Bien Phu and "Yes" to the compromises of Geneva; this antagonised the United States Government, but many believe it also prevented world war. Throughout the world people are looking to Britain, and particularly to the British Labour Party, for more of the kind of independent leadership in evidence at Geneva. Let us hope that the Crossman-Wigg article is not an indication that the Left of the British Labour Party has faltered when confronted by the central issue of our time.

8 Elm Grove, N.8.

J. BRITTAIN

SIR,—Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg think that we should stay in Nato and retain the H-bomb because of the moral restraint we can exercise on the American and West German Governments. Surely the moral effect of withdrawal and the renunciation of nuclear weapons would be far greater, especially in encouraging the opponents of militarisation in Western Germany and the growing opposition to H-bomb strategy and tests in the U.S.A. Moreover, a push-button war with atomic weapons would be vastly more difficult to launch without the unsinkable aircraft-carrier so obligingly provided by British Governments and the involuntary co-operation of the British people as a suicide squad.

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THE IMMORTALS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Paul Johnson's highly enjoyable article on The Immortals, it is really not quite fair to say that the vast majority are now totally forgotten. Even I, uneducated and a foreigner, could give a pretty good account of 200 out of about 680 Academicians. The first 40, chosen by Richelieu, were immensely obscure, the only two names anybody knows now are Voiture and Guez de Balzac. In the middle of the 18th century, however, Crébillon, Duclos, Buffon, Voltaire, the Duc de Richelieu, d'Alembert, Hénault, Bernis, Fontenelle, Bougainville, Marivaux, Montesquieu and Moncrif all sat together beneath the *cupole*. To take a *fauteuil* at random, that now vacant owing to the death of Claudel has had 16 other occupants including Racine, Crébillon, Scribe, Feuillet, and Lotti.

Of course, as in every good club, most of the members are elected because they are agreeable diners-out (the designation of those who have not managed to produce a printed work is always rather vague: *moraliste, panégyriste, érudit*, and, of course, *duc et pair*e). But then it must be remembered that Academicians here take precedence of Dukes and it would be very sad if Paris hostesses were eternally condemned to sit next to bores.

NANCY MITFORD

7 Rue Monsieur,
Paris.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

SIR,—Hugh MacDiarmid challenges me to show that his policy of complete separation finds little support in Scotland. That is easily done.

In the plebiscite held by the independent Scottish Plebiscite Society in Kirriemuir in 1949, 86 per cent. of the electorate voted. Of these, 69 per cent. voted for a Scottish Parliament for Scottish affairs; 23 per cent. for complete separation and 5 per cent. for the maintenance of the *status quo*.

In the years 1949-51 the Scottish Covenant was signed by over two million Scots despite the fact that Mr. MacDiarmid condemned it for being too moderate. No similar document has been subscribed by the extremists.

Lastly, one might point to the fact that whenever Mr. MacDiarmid has stood for Parliament he has attracted only a handful of votes. This is no measure of esteem he is held in, in Scotland, but in my submission it is at least some gauge of the support which is to be found for his policies.

While I have been a life-long admirer of Mr. MacDiarmid, I find his political policies both highly idealistic and hopelessly muddled. He justifies his tenets now by saying that they are designed to prevent Scotland from being dragged into war by the English. There is no record of Scots having been dragged unwillingly into war by the English.

The truth is that the British Commonwealth, created after 1707, is a joint production of both Scots and English. This may be a matter for regret or glory but it is, nevertheless, true. As a result, Scots have a responsibility in matters of imperial wars, and, whatever reforms may be necessary in our domestic government, it is surely the duty of the Scots to continue to be represented at Westminster to exert whatever influence they can towards international justice and world peace.

Whatever England's crimes may have been in the past two hundreds years, Scotland has shared in them. That fact will not be changed by any amount of sitting behind a Scottish border chanting, "We are holier than thou."

IAN R. HAMILTON

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY!

There is a specimen of worthy citizen who *will* keep his own most complicated press cutting contrivances on current affairs. He snips away at newspapers to his heart's content, he sorts, he classifies, he indexes and scribbles, he sticks and pastes, fussing and fumbling to accumulate anything from a pocket vade-mecum to an unwieldy assortment of folders and scrapbooks taking yards of shelf space.

All very noble, most impressive to the casual observer, but when he *really* wants to look up WHEN Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered, HOW far the St. Lawrence Power and Seaway project has advanced, WHAT the Soviet Farm Output figures are, WHO is who in African Politics, WHY the American experts criticized our Textile Industry, WHERE the Manila Treaty countries plan to concentrate their defensive efforts—he is often lost and turns to someone in proud possession of KEESING'S, the modern Reference Tool on Current Affairs.

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WELSH NATIONALISTS

SIR,—As a regular reader of your journal, I have noticed that you believe in democracy and tolerance for all kinds of people and movements. May I draw your attention to one example of denial of democratic rights in Britain today? The numerically small Welsh Nationalist Party has asked the Welsh Council of the B.B.C. for permission to broadcast to the Welsh people on Welsh affairs both between elections and during election campaigns. The Council agreed, but the Labour and Tory parties protested, and the permission was withdrawn.

Could any Labour or Tory M.P. or supporter enlighten me on what democratic grounds can broadcasting rights be denied to minority parties? Is democracy, now, something limited to the two Big Brothers?

May I add that I am not a member of the W.N.P. Until recently I was a member of the Labour Party—now I do not belong to any party. It seems to me that the battle cry of democrats now must be: Up with nonconformity! That's why the recent articles of Messrs. G. D. H. Cole and J. B. Priestley have been most inspiring. Labour politicians prattle a lot about democracy. Let them practise it in Wales over the broadcasting issue.

WELSH SOCIALIST

CRUELTY TO PRISONERS

SIR,—Many of the comments of Flavus in your issue of March 5 on the Government booklet concerning the treatment of British prisoners in Chinese camps during the Korean war seem to us judicious. That the document, published at this late date with studied lack of chapter and verse, deserves to be treated primarily as propaganda, is already a widely held opinion. But we are deeply shocked by his assumption that "Chinese (and Koreans) are . . . habitually cruel by Western standards." We believe this to be a profound misrepresentation, and, as Europeans with first-hand knowledge of the Chinese and their culture, we deplore such a bland acceptance of what is part of a nineteenth-century myth held by Westerners about Chinese.

People with a better informed view of history are well aware that in earlier times the attitudes were very different. The Portuguese travellers in 16th century China, as Mr. G. F. Hudson pointed out long ago, all agreed in extolling the conscientiousness with which justice was administered there, the punishments being, though severe, certainly no worse than in the Europe of their age. By the 18th century, when Europe still retained the punishment of breaking on the wheel, the *peine forte et dure*, and public hangings, the position had hardly changed, but with the coming of modern humanitarianism in the 19th century Europe drew well ahead.

The civilisation of China is now undergoing similar changes, for the deepest meaning of the recent revolution is the demand of hundreds of millions of humble human beings for more human treatment than they received from their traditional rulers. It is necessary to balance the claims of civilisations. Chinese culture knows no parallel throughout its history to the Holy Inquisition. The only burnings of human beings were the self-immolations of Buddhist monks desirous of acquiring merit. Nothing in Chinese history was worse than the Albigensian crusade, the atrocities of the Belgian Congo, or the Nazi gas-chambers. Current events in Kenya, moreover, belie the tacit assumptions of the booklet.

In sum, the statement of Flavus is calculated only to foment race hatred, and to uphold one more of those baseless claims of European superiority against which Asia is now in full revolt.

DEREK BRYAN — NANCY LAPWOOD
MICHAEL HALLIDAY — VICTOR PURCELL
E. RALPH LAPWOOD

Cambridge.

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—Sir David Eccles has taken the unprecedented—though not unconstitutional—step of submitting proposals to the Burnham Committee for the better remuneration of a small section of the teaching profession: those teaching Sixth Forms and similar groups.

The Authorities' Panel has gained, at small cost, the invaluable precedent of prior intervention in salaries-negotiation by the Minister. The Teachers' Panel was in the dilemma of not daring to refuse an increase merited by the entire profession, but offered to only a few.

The resulting dissension in Grammar schools is lamentable. It is at least arguable whether the national importance of the work of the games master who takes the Sixth deserves a minimum differential of £75 compared with the general-subjects master who takes Form 1A.

Surely any differential between teachers of comparable status and responsibility must rest on additional personal qualifications. The new criterion of extra payments by reason of the course of study being pursued by the *pupil* leads to a disruptive situation in every kind of educational establishment.

In infants' and juniors' departments there are highly qualified graduates whose work is essential to the emergence of sufficient numbers of skilled physicists and mathematicians. Other top-flight graduates work to the same effect in other schools of every kind, teaching future key-technicians at or below Ordinary Level stages.

The new edict makes all such posts unattractive to graduates. A differential that may be as much as £350 will have the inevitable effect of driving teachers, invaluable in the old "elementary" range, into "advanced" work for which they are academically qualified but temperamentally unsuited.

D. O. DIXON

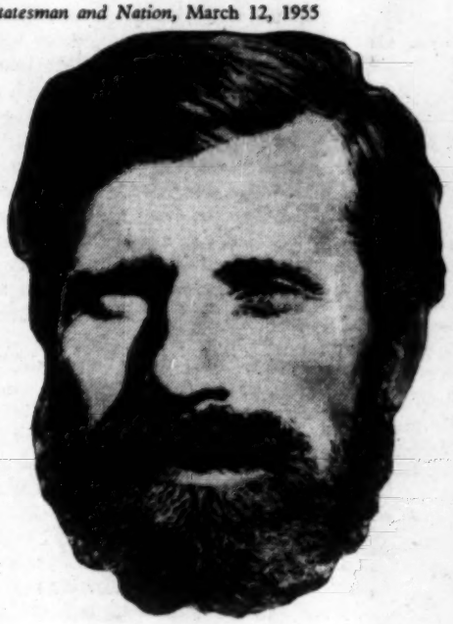
11 Bywater Street,
S.W.3.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

SIR,—In his article "Look and Listen" in your issue of 26 February, Mr. William Salter asserted that "the alternative to honest reporting is what is called public relations and the aim of public relations is not truth but persuasion." He has made the cardinal error of generalising from the particular. The aim of the Institute of Public Relations is to maintain standards of practice which require that its members present the truth, whilst serving the press, the B.B.C. and any other agencies of communication. I assure Mr. Salter that the principles for which he stands are held as strongly by Public Relations Officers who are members of this Institute.

L. H. HORNSBY,
President

Institute of Public Relations,
Norfolk Street, W.2.



He touched the bandage around his throat . . .

'This', he asked, 'what do you know about this?'

AT LAST - THE TRUTH ABOUT

WINGATE

by Leonard Mosley

"His friend informed him that, so far as anyone in Cairo knew, Wingate had fallen in his hotel and injured himself."

"*Nonsense. It is not true. I took a knife and cut my throat.*"

★ ★ ★

"No lights except from the fires started when petrol caught alight, or the flare of acetylene lamps as the surgeons started to work cutting, sewing, and amputating . . . no sound except the splinter of wood, the puny sounds of men crying for help, and the steady kwark-kwark-kwark of the watching bullfrogs."

★ ★ ★

"They were a remarkable sextet. One was a millionaire sheep farmer whose legs were so bowed from a lifetime on horseback that he could not walk, and was always given first priority when mounts were scarce."

★ ★ ★

"Eventually Haile Selassie said: 'You go first, Colonel Wingate. And let us hope my people recognise which one of us is their Emperor.'"

★ ★ ★

"At other times he stayed in Ein Harod, reading the Bible, singing hymns, learning Hebrew, scratching his naked body. When he did put on his uniform he was so untidy that the British soldiers would look at him in stupefaction. But he never lost a battle."

★ ★ ★

"He drove animals until they dropped; and then, as in Ethiopia, built fires under their bellies in an effort to make them get up, or, as in Burma, cut them up and ate them."

Begins this weekend in the

SUNDAY EXPRESS

ORDER IT FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Herculean Weakness

IMAGINE, if you will, that the late Lord Baldwin had a third son—the Hon. Horace Baldwin, born some 10 years before his father broke Mr. Lloyd George at the Carlton Club. Brilliant, eccentric, precocious, he digests the works of Congreve at eleven years old—and quotes freely from them to the Bewdley pigman. The boy is above all things frail: "That child cannot possibly live," pronounces Dawson of Penn: "one of the most puny, thin, delicate and meagre Constitutions and Frames of Body this Day in England," writes Margot Asquith in her diary. Lord Baldwin, reminded of his own tough boyhood on the Hill by the pushing fellow-Harrovians he has to meet every day in the Cabinet, wisely sends his son to Eton. There Horace creates his own Pop—two Pops in fact, a Pop of fashion called the Triumvirate and consisting of himself, Henry Yorke-Montagu and Alan Pryce-Lyttelton, and a Quadruple Alliance of intellect which includes those distinguished-figures-to-be, Mr. Isaiah West (who dies young) and Professor Thomas Gray Lewis.

At King's Horace flirts with Buchmanism, praying with the prisoners in Cambridge gaol. He rallies, and relapses for life into what his biographer calls a "vague and tepid deism." He frequents deb parties and invariably returns from them on the milk train. At one particular rout he creates a *furore* by sticking sweet peas in his hair. (Lord Beaverbrook takes care to see that news of this exploit penetrates to his somnolent papa on the Front Bench.) At 22 Lord Baldwin packs him off to Italy with Gray Lewis, confiding the young men to the care and attention of His Majesty's Resident at Florence. They quarrel, and return separately to England to find his Lordship at bay. After twenty years of pacifist lethargy, the pendulum has swung towards war. "They now ring the bells," cries the Prime Minister, as he returns from the Palace in his Daimler, "they will soon wring their hands!" The young man enters the great world on the eve of his father's political eclipse. He is deeply conscious of his interesting situation. "Trust me," he tells the diplomat at Florence, "if we fall, all the grandeur, the envied grandeur of our house, will not cost me a sigh. . . ." He can well do without the coats of arms, the Bewdley shorthorns, the shelf of Loeb classics, the pipe rack and the morocco set of Mary Webb. But he is loyal to his father—he is now unaccountably an M.P. and he defends Lord Baldwin warmly in the Commons—and all his life he will remain faithful to his political memory. As for himself, he has dimly begun to discern his purpose in life. The idler, the dandy, the connoisseur is to be the self-appointed recorder of a civilisation. "I have everything in the world," he writes to a friend, "to tell posterity." And indeed his friends are conscious of his mission. "I can figure no being happier than Horry," declares one Ancient Bright Young Thing; "*Monstrari digito praetereuntium* has been his whole aim. For this he has wrote, printed and built."

In some such terms as these might one describe Horace Walpole to an intelligent but historically ignorant common reader. No eighteenth-century Englishman (not even Chatham) so sharply realised his destiny. Those 4,000 letters, those eighty years crowded with communication, are the most civilised monument to the age that we possess. Only Voltaire can properly be said to command the eighteenth century. Hogarth drags it after him like a Newgate ball and chain, Johnson bear-bugs it, Wesley sweetens it, Wilkes straddles its middle years, it dangles in the best cambric from Chesterfield's coat pocket. But Horace Walpole conducts the eighteenth century as though it were some great Mozartian symphony. The master raises his baton and *presto!* there it is—the banquets and battles and elopements, the intrigue, the eccentricity, the genius, the drunken *sang-froid* of Mayfair, the diamond-cut-diamond hardness of the Faubourg, the enthusiasm of Bedlam. The groundswell of the major themes—the "'45," the Rebel Lords, the Methodists, the Year of Victories—blends with the adagio of du Deffand's blindness and passion and the gay allegro tapped out by the Duke of Newcastle's frozen feet in the crypt of Westminster Abbey at George II's funeral. So, as the decades pile up, the great symphony prolongs itself (it grows shrill about 1789). All the time we are conscious of the small shrinking figure on the rostrum. We watch him slowly ageing through his many portraits: powdered, lacquered almost, at 18, in the Chewton Priory picture; exquisite and absurd in Venetian masquerade dress at 22; Van Dycked by J. G. Eckhardt, spruced up in middle age by Reynolds; finally, as George Dance drew him, an infirm and gouty septuagenarian, bright-eyed and undaunted, staring back into the lake of memory and looking startlingly like Mr. Ernest Thesiger. An old man whose fingers would suddenly ooze a white chalky fluid and who realised, at 72, that for the first time in his life he was in love—as cruelly in love with Mary Berry as Mme du Deffand had been with him so many years before.

The Walpole Symphony has been orchestrated many times. Cunningham played it in nine parts, Mrs. Paget Toynbee in nineteen. Mr. W. S. Lewis and his two devoted assistants—those *animae naturaliter Walpolianae*—reckon that the whole score will hardly be completed under 50 volumes. They have already given us 16 and they now present us with three crucial additions*. "We now come," declares Mr. Lewis in his introduction, rather in the tones of an erudite Barnum,

> to the great Andean range of the Walpolian continent. The correspondence with the elder Horace Mann extends from Walpole's 23rd year to his 69th, from 1740 to 1786, from the Age of Pope to the appearance of the Kilmarnock Burns. For sweep and variety and the procession of great events it is unrivalled among Walpole's correspondences . . . .

* *Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann.* Edited by W. S. LEWIS, WARREN HUNTING SMITH and GEORGE L. LAM. 3 Vols. *Oxford.* £12.

Like their predecessors, these volumes are masterpieces of scholarship. Mr. Lewis and his co-editors have ransacked the bibliography of the eighteenth century in four languages in order to throw the faintest light on any statement made by either Horace. Pamphlets, guide-books, newsletters, State Papers have all been sucked of their marrow. In the space of the notes to two letters the admiring reader will find *Moll Flanders*, the *Daily Advertiser*, Frederick the Great's *Politische Correspondenz*, the *Merkvürdige Lebensgeschichte alle Cardinäle* (this last to identify a nuncio at Vienna), Groves's *Dictionary*, B.M. Add. MSS. 32699 and the *Cittadinario fiorentino del Quartiere di Santa Croce* laid under contribution. Occasionally there occurs a note on some dim parliamentary figure—a Groom of the Bedchamber, a Surveyor-General of the Board of Works—with the talismanic guarantee: "Information from Sir Lewis Namier." References to Mr. W. S. Lewis's own incomparable Walpole collection are modest but uncompromisingly monopolistic, *e.g.*, "HW's copy of this pamphlet is now WSL, and so are HW's copies of six other pamphlets by Hervey."

For the first time we have Walpole's letters printed as they were written. As in Fulford and Strachey's unexpurgated Greville, the new material, though quantitatively slight, adds greatly to our appreciation. A note stating that "this sentence"—or "this paragraph"—"was omitted in previous editions" makes us feel that at last we are getting the complete portrait of the age, warts and all. And how often the odd missing phrase helps to clinch an episode!

> Last night I had a good deal of company to hear Montecelli and Amorevoli, particularly the three beauty-Fitzroys, Lady Euston, Lady Conway and Lady Caroline. Sir R[obert] liked the singers extremely; he had not heard them before. In the middle of the concert he cried out (you know his style), "Faith, I don't see why I should not sing, I am God Almighty's eunuch now!" I forgot to tell you all our beauties; there was Miss Hervey, my Lord's daughter, a fine black girl, but as masculine as her father should be . . . I made the music for my Lord H[ervey], who is too ill to go to operas; yet with a coffin face, is as full of his little dirty politics as ever . . .

One great merit of this edition is that Sir Horace Mann's replies to Walpole are now given in full. Sir Horace, as Mr. Lewis points out in his introduction, has been consistently undervalued by Walpole's editors. His letters are highly entertaining, and they provide us with an admirable portrait of their author. Mann was the quintessential diplomat. In these three volumes, he is still in his early middle age, an Arthur Peabody, a M. de Norpois in the process of formation. He is bent on becoming that "broken nosed, rugose, dapper baronet" with a pedigree and a red ribband who at long last succeeded in imposing himself upon the nobility of Florence. We have all of us, in our visits abroad, met Mann. He is to be found in every capital in Europe. Urbane, painstaking, avid for home gossip, terrified of ever getting his feet wet by life (or, as he would say, "involved"), he is much nicer to read than to meet. But this particular Sir Horace, whether fussing over a compatriot's nymphomania or preparing to woo a Secretary of State with an expensive coffee-pot, is the engaging archetype of all Manns.

One is glad to know that he eventually "got home" and that his devotion to Walpole and Walpole's family—a devotion that often recalls Mr. Collins's for Lady Catherine de Bourgh—was richly rewarded. It is right that those who spend their lives prosecuting an ideal kindled by the social imagination, at the expense of their instincts and passions, should eventually be accommodated.

Meanwhile that wonderful monologue—a monologue that derives from *The Way of the World* and is to be found next century in the prose of Thackeray—flows on. Yet when we have ceased marvelling at his manner, we realise that the strange thing about Walpole is his likeness to ourselves. Perhaps always thinking of posterity does tend to put a man outside his own time. Certainly, of all the men and women of the eighteenth century, he is the most mentally akin to us. His dazzling magpie mind, his capacity for brilliant snap judgments (the trait of a certain kind of aristocrat), his desperate and unremitting fear of ridicule—all this strikes the note of our own time. Alone among his contemporaries, Walpole really did try to save Admiral Byng from the gallows: his objection to Chatham—that he could never support a statesman who "was great with so little reluctance"—is one that thousands of his fellow-countrymen still urge against Sir Winston Churchill. All this argues an oddly twentieth-century social conscience. Even his bland defence of his sinecures suggests a mind that is self-consciously aware of the unjust society. Again, Walpole had as sharp a sense as Swift or Johnson of the "accepted hells beneath." (We have only to read his description of the Earl Ferrers murder and Ferrers's subsequent behaviour at Tyburn—a letter almost Dostoevskyean in its horror and fascination.) Only two of his qualities are alien to us: his genius for friendship on his own terms, and his refusal to display emotion. Friendship, on any terms, is a dying art; the second quality we are better without. *"Ah, mon Dieu,"* burst out Mme du Deffand, wounded beyond bearing by her *tuteur's* stony-heartedness.

> *que vous avez bien raison! L'abominable, la détestable chose que l'amitié! Par où vient-elle? à quoi mène-t-elle? Sur quoi est-elle fondée? quel bien en peut-on attendre ou espérer? Ce que vous m'avez dit est vrai, mais pourquoi sommes-nous sur terre, et surtout pourquoi vieillit-on? . . .*

It is the great despairing cry of the children of reason.

JOHN RAYMOND

Growing Up

When I was young and little
The hedgerows gave me shelter
And the bright grass crooked a finger
Round my toe . . .

But that was long ago
When I was a boy, busy among the bushes,
Prying for small treasure like a thrush,
Or in the woods, dawdling on soft foot,
A vague restlessness at the trees' roots;
Who am now a man caught in the cold violence
Of the wind wave breaking above the dyke,
A man unready for the bloody vista
In the next meadow where the stoat strikes.

R. S. THOMAS

Hard Going

Tibetan Marches. By ANDRÉ MIGOT. Translated by PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis.* 18s.

Obsession is nearly always at the bottom of the best books of travel. This excellent book by a French doctor is the account of a journey made in 1946 and 1947 from Hanoi in Indo-China to the provinces of the Chinese-Tibetan border; the obsession, fed by a deep and learned interest in Buddhism, could be called simply the secret desire to get to Lhasa, but is really the restless search for some personal transfiguration. Modesty, intelligence, gaiety and courage are Dr. Migot's virtues. He is a traveller who rouses a protective, almost tender alarm in the reader. How will a man so gentle, so poorly equipped, who does not speak Chinese, survive in an anarchic country on the edge of war? Little interested in politics, he is the kind of dogged and unobtrusive figure that has so often been shot at sight. The material difficulties are bad enough, but they hardly seem to affect him as he clings to the backs of lorries or some uncomfortable animal or walks his feet raw over the spectacular mountain passes; he survives living as a filthy pilgrim, he can stomach the awful buttered tea and tack, he can even sleep out in the winds and frosts of the Tibetan plateau ten or fifteen thousand feet up. He can laugh after he has been robbed of all his money and the few possessions that make the journey possible; and still go on, trusting to the country. He confides his anxieties and is as surprised at himself as we are. All this is remarkable; but what excites greater alarm (or perhaps we should call it something between fear and envy) is that he has the capacity to be changed and enlarged by his experience. The capacity is rare. Dr. Migot is one of those uncommon travellers to whom things happen inside as well as outside. He is modest about that. He takes it for granted. The reader may have noticed, he says, that he holds unconventional views about Catholicism and Buddhism. The voice is quiet, the feeling is strong when he says it and one gets a glimpse of the force that keeps this quiet, smiling, observant and indefatigable traveller going.

So he sets off across China, wedged with a mass of human beings on an old lorry, ducking his head when the telegraph wires sweep low, hanging on to the next man who is clinging to another who is hugging a pile of peppers. In a few hours there are dozens of punctures. The tyres are repaired with gym shoes tied on with rope. He sleeps on any floor with any crowd. He ends the day removing lice from his person—but not killing them for that is not the Buddhist practice—he considers the occasional head of a decapitated bandit set up on a pole by the roadside. If he stays with the Catholic missions, he argues politely with the priests. He visits temples. He stays in the lamaseries. He shrewdly distributes visiting cards which impress governors and police more than any visa or passport. He watches the gorgeous bureaucrats of the Kuomintang go by in their litters, the long lines of starving coolies under their loads; he sees the ruinous blackmail of the opium trade at work; he jolts on his pack horse in the crawling caravans and is rained on, snowed on, frozen; he is "attacked by the mild dementia to which mountaineers are so vulnerable," he sees his mule roll into a ravine. He speculates about the Chinese character:

> The peasant, the coolie, the man who pulls your rickshaw, the itinerant pedlar—all those millions of under-privileged but invincibly optimistic people who make up the great mass of the population, are lovable, natural, generous and staunch.

In the young, half-baked or corrupt people of the Kuomintang, he found simplicity had degenerated into cynical indifference, unbounded self-esteem, malice and bullying.

At the end of his journey, when he got to Peking, he was taken prisoner by the Communists. He had no liking for Communism but he found the Communists wanting "desperately

Chosen by the Book Society for March

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Book Society Recommendation

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JONATHAN CAPE

to improve conditions, to combat poverty, to restore his dignity to the individual, to bring the impulse of altruism into the life of the community." They were ascetics who lived rough, did not steal, drink or gamble or fill their stomachs or their purses. He liked this, though for him, the religious life, especially as he had seen it in Tibet, meant vastly more to him than the doctrines of the political world, and he greatly preferred the Tibetans to the noisy Chinese. The Tibetans were, by comparison, primitive, but their life was pervaded by their religion. The red-robed lamas crowded the streets. In Kanting there were dozens of lamaseries with their prayer flags and, in the night, one heard the long, low blasts of the ceremonial trumpets and the sad sound of the hautboy. The tall nomads, wearing their hair long or plaited under their bizarre, fringed mortar-boards and with a coral or turquoise ring in the ear, walked like robed giants in the drab Chinese markets at the frontier; in the savage winds of the tableland they worked half-naked and the children were entirely so. Dr. Migot stayed in many monasteries. At Sikang—

> Cells, gardens, balconies and tiny, mysterious shrines from behind whose doors comes the muted, rhythmic thunder of the prayer drums—the whole incongruent medley rises in higgledy-piggledy layers. It is crowned, when you get to the top of the hill, with the houses of the abbot and the senior lamas, in the middle of which rises a jumble of big temples, piled one on the other like a house of cards; from their balconies you look down on great halls where noble columns of red-lacquered wood stand out in the half darkness. To the host of images upon their twilit altars the flickering light of butter lamps imparts the illusions of a secret and mysterious life.

The doctor was initiated into the Karmapa sect and with simplicity and conviction describes the other-worldy trance he seemed to fall into at the wild mountain eyrie where the initiation took place. It was as a dirty, humble holy man that he set out at night to cross the torrents and passes that lead towards Lhasa. This is the most dramatic and cruel part of his journey for it depended on avoiding all human contact, the shepherds by their fires at night and any traveller on the road. The chances were too heavily against him. The ill-luck of being spotted by two gossiping women and a too curious, small boy, put an end to his hopes. He rode back dejected and in comfort but far from the end of his punishing taste for seeing things. A buoyant and stoical traveller, Dr. Migot has the good humour of a transparently serious mind, and is quite without vanity in his rich and extraordinary adventures.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Towards a Just Wage?

The Social Foundations of Wage Policy. By BARBARA WOOTTON. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Day in and day out, year after year, decisions are somehow arrived at about the wages or salaries to be paid to various kinds of "workers," from doctors and administrators to unskilled labourers. Sometimes decision is easy: it may involve only granting to some group much the same conditions as already apply to a larger group which it closely resembles. But more difficult issues may arise. For example, do engine-drivers get what they get because their work is highly responsible, or compositors because theirs requires a high degree of literacy? Do coal-hewers get good pay because it is desired to attract more recruits to the industry, or in the hope that high wages will induce greater output—or for both reasons? Do engineers do relatively well in wage bargaining because their unions are strong and militant, or is this factor not allowed to count? Or again, in the recent railway settlement, what part was played by considerations of social justice—by the recognition that wages in the lower grades failed to give a tolerable standard of living? One wonders if arbitrators or negotiators themselves know what considerations weigh most with them.

Barbara Wootton sets out to inquire what principles, if any, guide such persons in reaching decisions, and what relations their decisions have to the theories of wages advanced by economists of various schools. It seems to her evident that so important a matter ought not to be dealt with almost at haphazard. Since the notion that wages can best be left to settle themselves without any intervention either by the State or by bargaining agencies has been definitely given up, there ought to be some unifying principles behind the decisions that are being reached. In an economy that is at least partly planned it is absurd and illogical to leave wages essentially unplanned.

Orthodox wage-theory, Mrs. Wootton points out, treats wages as merely a special case of the working of the laws of supply and demand. According to this theory, she argues, the more unpleasant the conditions of a job are, the higher payment it should elicit; whereas, in fact, the most unpleasant jobs are usually among the worst paid, and the most attractive get the largest monetary rewards. Nor is there any correspondence between rewards and cost of training—even apart from the fact that this cost is now largely borne by the State. Again, it does not appear to be the case that differences of payment serve—or would serve even in a "free" market—as an effective mechanism for bringing about the economically most desirable distribution of workers between alternative occupations. The orthodox economists, Mrs. Wootton notes, attempt to explain all this as the consequence of "frictions"; but what, she asks, is the value of a theory which has to treat almost every case as an exception and throws practically no light on actual wage levels, absolute or relative?

From the unhelpful theories Mrs. Wootton turns to the facts. She shows that in every sort of wage or salary there is a large element of social causation that cannot be explained in purely economic terms—for example, in the relative wages of men and women, and in the differentials paid for skill or responsibility, or on account of the superior prestige of some occupations. She points out that under conditions of full employment there is a large element of indeterminacy in wage-bargaining, which leads both to intervention to prevent or settle disputes and to the invocation of conceptions of public interest or social justice as against a simple pitting against each other of the forces at the disputants' command. Her argument becomes most interesting of all when she turns to consider what arguments are supposed to weigh, or do actually weigh, with the persons who have to make operative decisions; for she has no difficulty in showing that these arguments are to a large extent contradictory. Most obviously of all, there is a sharp conflict between the notion that the wage should somehow correspond to the value of the work done, and the rival notion that it should bear some relation to the needs of the recipient. A "family needs" wage would clearly have to change—without relation to the value of the work done by the recipient. Yet, the argument from need is continually used side by side with the argument from value, and is connected with the need of the "average family"—which is exceptional. This difficulty, no doubt, could be got rid of by providing really adequate family allowances, though one might ask whether these should be paid at a flat rate or should vary with the earned incomes of the recipients, so as to correspond to the different valuations set on work of different kinds—for example, as between High Court judges or full-time company directors and unskilled manual labourers.

Even if this problem could be disposed of, plenty of difficulties would remain. It is often argued that wages should be raised in occupations into which it is desired to attract workers and reduced in those which are regarded as being over-manned. But how is this to be reconciled either with payment according to need, or with payment according to the value of the work done? How, again, is it to be reconciled with the fact that, within the same occupation, workers doing practically indentical jobs may be contributing widely different values, as measured by the sale value of what they produce? Or take the case of wage-differentials between more and less skilled workers within a single establishment or industry. There has been a long-term tendency for these differentials to fall, in real terms, on account of flat-rate, instead of percentage, advances being granted, especially in times of rising prices. Has this occurred because the relative value of skill has fallen, or because the lower rates have been increased in order to maintain "tolerable" standards for the worse paid workers? On what principles should differentials be assessed? Can scientific methods of "job evaluation" be devised? Mrs. Wootton is sensibly sceptical about such claims.

Mrs. Wootton's own proposals are calculated to upset anyone who expects the solution to be found merely in technical improvements in the machinery of wage-adjustment. She comes down unequivocally for the equalitarians, and believes that the Labour Party ought, if it is to be true to its Socialist traditions, to be firmly insistent on this attitude. That it is not so she attributes, at least in part, to the great change that has come over trade unionism with the spread of collective bargaining from the general body of manual wage-earners to a wide range of more highly paid professions and administrative occupations, among whose members no spirit of equalitarianism exists; so that the movement is no longer essentially the champion of the "bottom dog," but is being converted into a multiplicity of pressure groups, each seeking its own advantage, but held back to some extent by fears of hampering British industry in its struggle for exports and by the pressure of middle-class opinion.

This does not mean that Mrs. Wootton wishes the trade unions to go all out for the highest wages and salaries they can exact. It means that she regards wages and salaries as only one element in

the distribution of incomes, and wants to see wage questions tackled, together with other elements in the existing social inequality, by means of a comprehensive social and economic policy aimed at securing a rapid advance towards a classless society. She cites Professor Tawney as an unwearying exponent of such a policy, in pursuance of which she would like to see arbitrators and Wages Council members definitely instructed to act on the principle of promoting equality to the fullest practicable extent.

She is, of course, well aware that absolute equality is for the present impracticable, and that the more skilled workers would not be at all content to receive no more than the less skilled; but she argues forcibly that, at present, rewards are by no means weighed in a common scale for all, but are weighted in accordance with scales of prestige and privilege that differ greatly as between the groups at the top and the general run of wage-earners. She sees that wage relativities cannot be properly tackled apart from the whole structure of incomes and opportunities. She recognises that something has been done to reduce inequalities of spendable income by high taxation of the rich; but she points out the absurdity of a system which distributes huge gross incomes to some, and then takes part of them back, and to the confusions which this absurdity creates in people's—especially in wage-earners'—minds.

This is a challenging book—a challenge especially to those who believe themselves to be Socialists. Its author is well aware that the distribution of incomes is a good deal better than it used to be; but she holds that during the past two or three years there has been a definite slipping-back, and that a fresh effort is needed if the advance is to be successfully resumed. In effect, she is calling on the Labour Party and the trade unions to seek fresh inspiration in the idea of equality and not to allow themselves to be perverted into acceptance of a system of wage- and salary-fixing which ignores the wider aspects of planning for the creation of a classless society.

G. D. H. COLE

New Novels

In Another Country. By JOHN BAYLEY. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

How Like a God. By STEWART THOMSON. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Try-Out. By JOHN WILES. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Of Sins and Winter. By MAURICE ROWDON. *Chatto & Windus.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The two books that head my list are both first novels: each is centred on expatriate English in occupied territory: and each in its quite different way is highly enjoyable. There the resemblance ends; from then on they take their places at opposite ends of the fiction shelf. *In Another Country* is ironic, witty, delicate and allusive: *How Like a God* is extrovert, strenuous, vivid, direct and gripping. They beautifully exemplify, in Mr. Pritchett's distinction, the male and female principles in The Novel. At the centre of the males is the "yarn" which may be built up with all the high complexity of a Conrad, but which can blunder along with the obviousness of a bulldozer. In the centre of the females is the tangle of sensibility which may come out as poetically as a Henry James, but can slide into the oversensitive lily-pond of, well, you know who.

Take the female first. Mr. John Bayley is an acquisition. He has a flavour of his own which comes less from a style pleasantly sensitive but not over-elaborate than from a nice ambivalence of attitude. He understands the relationships he describes, admires the tough and sympathises with the tender, and perceives the dependence of both on each other, while his perceptions give him and us a sly but friendly amusement. The first half of his novel is set in an officers' mess in occupied Germany, the mess of a scratch intelligence unit assembled to keep a check on German commercial rehabilitation. The junior members are civilians in uniform seconded for the purpose, the first

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post-war generation of young men. The whole outfit has the air—it rings remarkably true—of being amateur overlords in decline. These are far from the whole-hearted, single-minded sons of Empire (we shall come across these later in *How Like a God*). That virtue—belief in themselves and their national superiority—has gone right out of them. They are unprofessional, almost accidental, occupiers, doing a rather disagreeable job in a vacuum of not unpleasant semi-luxury. The feeling of unreality is exaggerated in Mr. Bayley's young protagonist, an amiable and purposeless young lieutenant whose need is above all for dependence. He attaches himself primarily to a colleague who can put on a front of ruthless efficiency, and secondarily to a German girl into whose home he should never, by the strict army edict, have gone. This breach of regulations will bring the German episode to an end in mild disgrace all round. But the comforting thing about this suspended existence is that none of it is quite actual:

> The great thing about the military machine which controlled their lives in Germany was that it could not hurt. It mopped and mowed; it threatened one with bayonets, death, syphilis, discomfort, pneumonia, scabies, misery and loneliness. But all these things were innocuous and unreal: one could, and did, pass through them unharmed. They were not Life. . . . Treat them as if they were—try to get the better of them—and they would bite. This truth—long suspected—was ratified for Oliver as he sat on the hard chair in the Colonel's office. For a moment as he opened the door and saw the room with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms, he had faltered. But soon he had known that there was nothing to be afraid of.

The return to Life—in an upper middle-class suburb—is admirably done. The things that threaten and hurt are in themselves much slighter, much less important as the world might judge. But they no longer take place in the lotus vacuum, they are in life and they do matter.

Mr. Bayley has one trick and one failing to get over. The trick is to jump a gap of time, start us off on a dramatised scene, and then fill the gap with a flashback: it becomes trying. His failing is a resolute refusal to face any of the *scènes-à-faire* and play them through. And it is not a justification that his vacillating hero would, if he could, refuse the scenes himself. We don't, and we require them. But in his eye for truth of behaviour and his ability to make the relationships of quite ordinary people assume an interesting and amusing importance. Mr. Bayley has a gift. I look forward to his next book.

In Mr. Thomson's *How Like a God* the relationships are of a different order, since they are dictated by the logic of events. His territory is a small oil town near the Euphrates. The reality for the English is oil, and the stability and order necessary for its efficient handling; for the Arabs the reality is freedom, and if that only means, in English terms, stewing in their own inefficient juice, it is their own juice and they prefer it. There is no possible reconciliation between the two, there is only the holding of a working balance by the judicious threat, and, if unavoidable, use of, force. That is the problem, and as a journalist Mr. Thomson states it and states it fairly, though as a promising novelist he states it only by implication. Primarily he is concerned with the "story," in both the journalist's and the novelist's sense, and the story is the gradual accumulation of incidents until they swell into full-scale riot. We start on the outer edges, bringing in one after another of the long cast, each moving the action a step further towards the hill, slowly at first to the top of the slope, then as the declivity drops steeply under their feet the pace gathers until none of them any longer has even the illusion of control. It all happens almost fortuitously—small, apparently irrelevant, accidents, a panic in an Arab street, a car accident, a murder. They have less causal connection than the officials try to discover, but they accumulate into a riot. Mr. Thomson judges his pace brilliantly and the climax is a real climax.

He writes really on the boundary, where the best journalism meets the best films. His observation is that of a good journalist (but journalism is after all only a branch of fiction), and the characters are sketched with the vividness of a well-directed movie-camera. Evans, the head of the oil concern, a power man, pure and simple; Benton, one of his executives, flabby of body and feeble of soul, yet with enough spunk to set a match to the trail that will light the incident; Stanton, the tough young police captain, whose only form of self-expression is violent action; and best of all Gwilliam, the Consul, a modern mixture of patriotic loyalty and sentimental idealism, who still believes that the lion can lie down with the lamb, that Anglo-Arab friendship is ultimately possible, and is able to preserve his belief, by under-estimating the weaknesses and vices of both. The characterisation of these types is aware enough of the crossed motives which is our shorthand to contemporary man, but they remain types, really, easily castable, whose working-out of their individual problems must not interfere with the action line.

With the last two novels I can be brief, *The Try-Out* is a theatre novel, describing a fifth-rate company touring a fifth-rate play for a fifth-rate management. Theatre novels always have hearts of gold; this one wears that heart under a contemporary disguise. The narrator, who is the stage-manager, is a hard-boiled cynical young man with a soft centre *à l'Amercaine*. Though I got a little bored with his hard-boiledness half-way through, the modern inside-out sentimentalism is well done, the picture vivid and true, the narrative well managed. *Of Sins and Winter* is less to my taste. It is the raw and bleeding confession of a gunner in the war, who feels himself to have been a murderer in the abstract and relives with a desperate intensity the feel of his war experiences. The mixture of diluted D. H. Lawrence and Dostoevsky gives it a sort of apocalyptic power, which some may find purgative—and some may find purgatory.

RICHARD LISTER

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Aspects of Heine

Heinrich Heine: an Interpretation. By BARKER FAIRLEY. *Oxford.* 15s.

To judge by all but the concluding chapter of this book—by 159 out of its 169 pages—it does not seem that Professor Fairley's original intention was to defend Heine's work against those charges of impurity, inconsistency and flippancy which have long been gnawing away his reputation as a creative artist; or, indeed, to make value judgments of any kind. What he evidently did set out to do, and has done with admirable deftness and nonchalance, was simply to trace the recurrence of certain images and conceits in Heine's verse and prose. These images and conceits—or "themes and motifs," as the author calls them—are those of "song within song," "music and dance," "chorus and procession," "theatre and ceremony," "carnival and costume," "animals" and "Heaven and Hell." It must be said at once that Professor Fairley has succeeded not only in establishing the crucial significance of all the references which he groups under these different headings, but in showing that they are closely interrelated. And his manner is so unemphatic that the reader is convinced in the process of being entertained. This main portion of the book itself is like a show, a procession of pictures which happen to be lantern slides; the reader can enjoy them for their own sake. At one point Professor Fairley writes of Heine's "comic mythology"; this definition very neatly sums up the kind of unity which he has discovered in Heine's writings.

It is only when we come to the brief chapter called *Conclusions*, in which exposition gives way to value judgments, that doubts begin to arise. For the unity which Professor Fairley's examination has revealed really appertains to Heine's mode of thinking and feeling; it is a quality of his mind. It does not follow that the same unity is present in Heine's works, that his comic vision was constant or that he succeeded in transmuting it into art. Professor Fairley suggests that we should revise our judgment of Heine in the light of the discovery that "after all, there is a certain order in Heine, perhaps a sufficient order, not superimposed intellectually or by reflection, but asserting itself instinctively as what we might call an order of the imagination, and therefore a creative order, an artistic one." But to substantiate this claim Professor Fairley would have needed to deal not with Heine's work as a whole, represented by quotations from a large number of poems and prose works, but with individual works, whether long or short, and to deal with these in their entirety. Strangely enough, he does not agree with Heine's own high estimate of his ballet scenario *Der Doktor Faust*, one of the few longer works which does possess the imaginative unity which Professor Fairley claims for Heine's work as a whole; and he is critical enough of Heine's most widely read work, the *Buch der Lieder*, of which he writes:

> It is a sobering thought that Heine's most conspicuous success—the greatest hit possible in the history of lyrical poetry—was scored in the one phase of his verse where his richer nature was suppressed. The song form, as he used it, was too slight to release his images freely: he was, in a large measure reduced to the song image itself, which he then, as we saw, overworked.

Here Professor Fairley comes close to implying that Heine's recourse to "song within song" was a vicarious means of arousing the stock responses associated with song and music; and that, in essence, is what Heine's detractors would say.

Professor Fairley's thesis, then, is double-edged, at least in so far as we are asked to regard it as a vindication of Heine as an imaginative artist. Yet the Heine who emerges from this study is someone who "was fundamentally a social writer, in the broadest sense of the word, an observer, a commentator, not an introvert; and his imagery, we find, was social too. Just

as social in fact, as a variety theatre, a vaudeville, a topical review." This Heine, the brilliant critic, commentator and wit, who "had hardly a dull page," is well served by Professor Fairley's book; but he is no more the whole Heine than Matthew Arnold's chief inheritor of "Goethe's mantle." Neither view does full justice to Heine's very complex function and achievements; but Professor Fairley's has the merit of not claiming too much.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Critical Survey

Dictionary of World Literary Terms. Edited by J. T. SHIPLEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

You too can be a New Critic—or even a Chicago Aristotelian! And thirty shillings is all you pay! This compilation is a work doomed by its very nature to arouse the risibility of the English. We remain a nation of amateurs, not least in our literary studies and criticism. The Americans, on the other hand, are grimly professional; in the States the Taylorisation of English studies set in a long time ago, and though the tools used are largely English in design, here as in so many other fields it is the Americans who show us what production really means. This is a very American book and we shall doubtless respond to it as we did to the feats of scholarship the Germans used to perform before the Americans displaced them: with guffaws of incredulous laughter, titters of superior amusement.

It is of course an impossible book, and continually assailable in detail. All the same, I am not convinced it is a silly one. The first page contains "A B C," "abecedarius. See Acrostic." "*abominatio.* See Ecphonesis," "*ab ovo*," "absolutism. See Relativism," "abuse, poem of," "academic," "acatalectic," "accent"; it ends: "zany," "zeugma." In between "A B C" and "zeugma" it has managed to take in brief accounts of all the obvious literary movements, issues and attitudes towards them and, among other things, to pot Mr. Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity* in only five times as many lines and to criticise severely Mr. Eliot's notion of the objective correlative in twenty-five. Who is going to use the book? I imagine that in the States the answer would be simple: every freshman who wants to major in English. Will it do him any harm? On the contrary. True, he will not find it quite as encyclopaedic as it looks. If, having got the lowdown on the objective correlative, he decides the book is a short cut to Mr. Eliot's criticism generally, he will look in vain for "sensibility, dissociation of." It will certainly enable him to pass off as his own a great deal of knowledge that he has picked up at second-hand in tabloid form—lectures and book reviews serve this purpose in English universities. But he may also pick up much more.

Literary criticism is now splintered into specialisms like all other branches of learning. The real value of this book is that it gives, as nowhere else that I know, a pretty complete survey of modern criticism and, for the most part, a remarkably authoritative one. The definitions of rhetorical terms may be a bore, but if you want a guide to the literary criticism of the United States since 1900 here you get it, by no less a critic than Mr. Allen Tate. Mr. David Daiches does a most workmanlike job for criticism in this country during the same period. Professor Crane Brinton expounds history; the meaning of meaning is discussed by Dr. Richards himself; Professor Cleanth Brooks writes on tradition; Mr. S. I. Hayakawa does a brilliant introduction to semantics; and the late A. K. Coomaraswamy, that very challenging art critic, deals with symbolism. This list is merely a selection.

It is no longer possible for any single person to take all literary criticism as his province. Indeed, if we are interested in criticism at all we are forced to rely, outside the area of our special interests, on abstracts and encyclopaedias. This state of

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affairs may be deplorable but it is not likely to improve, and it justifies this compilation. That does not answer the question, Who is going to use it in this country? I suspect we all are. We shall sneer and we shall crib and we shall not acknowledge.

WALTER ALLEN

Bible and Sword

The Lord Protector. By ROBERT S. PAUL. *Lutterworth.* 35*s.*

It would be widely admitted that music critics, however great their skill in analysing scores and tracing historical derivations, should not be tone deaf; that in the art historian no amount of industrious scholarship can entirely atone for colour-blindness. Historians who, with no religious convictions of their own, attempt to deal with the men and politics of the early seventeenth century are no less hampered. They have brilliantly illuminated, with the narrow but penetrating beams of scholarly technique, the economic background of the times; they have unravelled the ties of family and political kinship which bound the parties together; they have stripped away the accretions of two hundred years of Whiggery to reveal the genuine constitutional issues at stake; but the religious beliefs of the time, where they could not be reduced to questions of political organisation or social policy, have lain outside their range. The murderous zeal which made men seize the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, the speeches and literature soaked in Biblical eschatology, the sense of moving in times foreseen and provided for by the prophets—all this, to the secular twentieth-century mind, seems bogus or absurd; save in so far as Marxist writings and behaviour provide us with remarkable parallels. No amount of scholarship can enable the agnostic to hear the music to which those men moved: he can only read the score.

Dr. Paul, a leading member of one of the very churches whose heavings and searchings made life so complicated in England three centuries ago, can hear this music; and therefore this solid and scholarly book catches aspects both of Cromwell's own character and of the army he led which have received little attention elsewhere. The Cromwellian army was, after all, the free churches in arms; the Barebones Parliament was those churches in council; and as his training in the churches had shaped Cromwell's thought so his care for them, even after he had freed himself from their domination, moulded his policy. An intimate knowledge of the practices of Puritan congregations puts the Army Debates in a new perspective, and an equally intimate acquaintance with the nature of Puritan thought makes sense of the curious Cromwellian belief in "Providences." Armed with this background knowledge, Dr. Paul tackles the paradox of Cromwell's democratic views in religious matters and autocratic practice in the state; and though he is not the first historian to do so, his resolution of the problem is ingenious and satisfying.

But if Dr. Paul sheds light on corners previously obscure, he makes curiously little use of the light shed by his predecessors. The book is admittedly sub-titled "Religion and Politics in the Life of Oliver Cromwell"; but both religion and politics are only intelligible in their setting. Nothing is said here of the social background of the Puritan movement; the comments on the constitutional issues are naive; the groups in the Long Parliament struggling for power are sketched in barest detail; and about the extreme views on political and social questions held in the Army and in the Barebones Parliament, and Cromwell's attitude to them, Dr. Paul is reticent. This has all been ably dealt with elsewhere; but in leaving us to look elsewhere the author has reduced his book to a monograph, the narrowness of whose approach is out of proportion to its size. It is based on thorough knowledge and skilful use of the voluminous printed sources available, but scholars in search of new material will look here in vain. The general reader, in his turn, may well quail before a work in which the skeleton of a D.Phil. thesis grins uncomfortably through a drab and inadequate covering of literary flesh. Dr. Paul has made a distinguished and useful contribution to his subject, but I wish he had made it in more succinct and palatable form.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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Tupper on the Air

Britain and the Tide of World Affairs. By OLIVER S. FRANKS. *Oxford.* 5*s.*

The Reith lectures for 1954 make a slim volume, but they are wonderfully good value. Though the name of an individual appears on the title-page, the knights of Portland Place speak here in all their originality and wisdom. No writer has assembled so many platitudes in so few pages since Martin Tupper was in his prime. The half-truth and the under-statement which are the genius of our race flower here in rare perfection. We can have a great future, but it will be different from our past. We need the Commonwealth, but we must not rely on it exclusively. We must co-operate with the United States, but not lose our independence. We must promote a united Europe, but not merge into it. Wages must go up, but only when production increases. We cannot live without exports. We must continue party controversy, but only so long as it is meaningless.

This little book will be essential for a new parlour-game. The players would be challenged to enunciate in turn a commonplace on contemporary affairs not found in its pages. The Banker would then rake in their stakes by reading out an even less telling expression of the same thought. This is a historical document of a high order. Future generations will prize it as evidence of what English people were not thinking in 1954.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Shorter Reviews

Six Great Novelists. By WALTER ALLEN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Biography in the modern sense, the analytical study of adult experience, is really no dish for the young. The six essays, however, of this workmanlike and stimulating book are not so much brief Lives as brief Introductions to the larger subject of the man in relation to the work. And since Mr. Allen's approach is that of the critic, he is able to present this relationship, even for a youthful reader, without dishonesty and without condescension. Defoe, Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Stevenson, Conrad are the novelists. (No ladies, but perhaps they are travelling along in a separate compartment of the series.) The choice—in a sense, they may be said to have chosen themselves—is sound: and not only because they are all familiar names to the schoolboy. That schoolboy is more of a problem. The intelligent and historically-conscious fourteen or fifteen year old who is able to appreciate this book will certainly be capable of reading more widely. Here, a bibliographical guide is of the greatest importance—the bridge between this book and the next. Mr. Allen's list, as far as it goes, is good; but it is slight: his book deserves a less perfunctory one.

Yet, in the text, though it may be wondered whether Defoe *would* have been awarded an O.M. in our time, or why Mr. Allen has not mentioned that Fielding's magistrate brother was blind, there is enough to stir the reader's thought and imagination. The novelist, it seems, may be by birth a gentleman, or he may be none; his vision may be adult or child-like; his work can take many forms—the panorama, the single intense experience. He need not even be young; Defoe was nearly sixty before he became a novelist. Mr. Allen also points out that though the arts may change, they do not necessarily improve or decline with time. "A poem written in this century is not better because of that than a poem written four hundred years ago." This is a useful check on the snobbery that exists in both directions. But perhaps the most useful point that the book brings home is that writing, of the kind that lasts, is a *strenuous* occupation, requiring a prodigal creative energy. All of these novelists were men of action, or of action diverted; Scott wielding his pen as he might his claymore, Dickens with his theatricals and his furious pace of life, no less than Fielding the magistrate, Conrad the seaman or the secret agent Defoe.

The English Countryman. By G. E. and K. R. FUSSELL. *Melrose.* 30*s.*

As a history of the English farmer, his family and his labourers from 1500 to 1900, this book is not without merit. It is neither particularly well prepared nor particularly well written, but in its desultory, scrapbook fashion it traces interestingly the development of the men who cultivate our soil from the Tudor peasantry via Stuart yeoman to the landless labourers and capitalist farmers of the Victorian age. Changes in habits and dress, in housing, clothes and education are described with lengthy quotations from contemporary sources and there are some useful asides on such matters as the manorial court, village self-sufficiency and the effect of Puritanism on rural sports. Nevertheless, as a history of the English countryman, which is what it purports to be, this book is so incomplete that it is actively misleading. For, until a little over a century ago, the English countryman was also the normal Englishman and he lived in a parish which was a microcosm of a peculiarly rich and varied form of society; farming was only one occupation among many. The authors tell us, it is true, a certain amount about the landowner, but very little about parson or schoolmaster. Even more serious is their failure to appreciate the full importance of the rural craftsmen and artisans who for most of this period were among the largest and most active of all rural classes. The Fussells, who live in the homeland of Litster the dyer, Kett the tanner, Jex the blacksmith-inventor, Paine the staymaker's son and Constable the miller's son, should surely realise

the error of describing the country life of Old England in such narrowly agricultural terms. The concept of the village as a purely agricultural community may be canonical doctrine today. But it is historical heresy and it is the duty of the historian to expose it.

The book contains a substantial bibliography and over seventy illustrations, mostly from contemporary sources. The historical value of both, however, is reduced by casual editing. The bibliography, for instance, does not contain the name of Habakkuk, while the artistic opinions of nineteenth-century engravers on the dress and appearance of their rural ancestors is *not* evidence.

Life in Our Hands. By PAMELA BRIGHT. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The nursing side of war is rarely described, save in textbooks. Yet what a field for intense and outlandish experience! The Casualty Clearing Station behind the line is part of the battle, and life and death, courage, skill and horror are its daily material. Perhaps the reason for its being so rarely seen subjectively is that the Army nursing sister is not as a rule both imaginative and articulate. She is trained to conceal, and if possible not to feel, emotion; all the emphasis is on discipline, presence of mind, professional calm.

The interest and the value of this little book lie in the fact that its author is an Army nurse who has a genuine gift of expression as well as observation, a reflective mind, and an eye sensitive to the beauties of her grim profession. She was a member of a nursing unit which was landed on a Normandy beach soon after D-Day, and served with the Second Army to the end of the campaign. She has tried very hard to be honest, and though she has not quite the skill to convey all her experience (who but a Tolstoy could make us live at second-hand through the tensions and squalors, the splendours and miseries of hat campaign?), still, she does succeed in throwing light on the abnormally tense and feverish life shared at close quarters by surgeons and nurses, the wounded and the dying, in modern war. Certain moving facts emerge; as, for instance, that the periods of greatest pressure, when danger and death are commonplaces, are also the periods of greatest happiness for those at work. It is the lull, the moment of unexpected peace, that is hard to bear. This could have been a remarkable book, and it is not quite that. It is as though the writer were torn between her imaginative responses and professional discretion. Still, it is a moving and illuminating account, and has the beauty of unsensational sincerity.

The Moving Waters. By JOHN STEWART COLLIS. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Little more than a century ago such a scientific milestone of a book as Lyell's *Principles of Geology* could contain digressions on Shakespeare, quotations from Virgil, and asides about man's moral nature. Science was still informed by the humanities and scientific books were still quite readable. Now science is highly specialised, tied up in its own tapes, impenetrable behind jargon. At least it often is. But Mr. Collis reverts to the earlier and surely better manner—better manners, almost. He writes, like those older writers, as a scientist who is also a civilised man, for other civilised men, not for technicians.

Mr. Collis is not an original researcher, but it looks as though he thoroughly understands his subject; and if it can be treated lucidly and elegantly, why should it not be—even by researchers themselves? "Old mountains like the Wicklow Hills have by now been all but washed away; young mountains like the Alps are still formidable, but nothing can stay their ruin nor retard the wreck of their barren beauty—slowly but certainly the flakes of granite fall from their bastions like the petals of a rosé. Consider the facts." And the facts follow—good hard ones, with figures—but is anyone the worse for the bit of fine writing, rhetorical sentiment, rose petals and all, which introduces them? Surely not. Nor is one left in any doubt that for Mr. Collis the facts are the thing. It is in the facts that he wants to interest his readers. He is also a man of ideas, a missionary, and something of a prophet. He knows that "In a single summer day a full-grown willow can evaporate up to 5,280 gallons of water," but he also believes that the sandy desert itself can be so changed that it will grow not only willows but far more valuable plants. He has written a fascinating book.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,307

Set by C. Dunlop

Laura Riding and Robert Graves once suggested that many an anthology favourite would be improved by being turned into the form of the Japanese *hokku*, a short poem of only 17 syllables in three lines of five, seven and five syllables apiece. Thus T. E. Brown's *My Garden* was *hokku'd* into:

> "There is no God." "Fool!
> He walks my lovesome garden
> In the evening cool."

Competitors are invited to try their hand at *hokkuing* any one of the following old friends: *Elegy in a Country Churchyard; If; Vitai Lampada; Invictus; La Belle Dame Sans Merci; Sea-Fever; Loveliest of trees, the cherry now; The Journey of the Magi.* Entries by March 22.

Result of No. 1,304

Set by Sam Sweet

The Christian Church has its heresies. Competitors are asked to suggest three heresies—name and description—for the non-Christian humanist.

Report

"Error held in wilful and persistent opposition to the truth after it has been defined and declared" is an accepted definition of heresy: and too many competitors failed to grasp that a heresy implies a body of accepted doctrine from which the heretic has deviated. It was no use just putting in beliefs which a non-Christian humanist would be unlikely to hold: the heresy had to be something to which we know such humanists are prone (like baptism and marriage in church, condemned by a strong body of competitors), or to which their beliefs might plausibly lead. Alberick (who writes from a vicarage) spotted the real difficulty: "The humanist is so terribly afraid of dogmatism that it is unlikely that he will condemn variations from his accepted tenets as heretical." However the following samples are, I think, calculated to lead at least to a raising of rationalist eyebrows, if not to a full-scale anathematisation by bell, book and candle in Johnson's Court and Red Lion Square.

Scientific Methodism: Known in its more extreme form as Religious Experimentalism; the testing out of hypotheses by experiment; when applied to religion a dangerous heresy which has led certain of the Faithful to desert to Christianity.
(W. Munro)

Voltaireanism: Subscribing to Voltaire's dictum, "If there isn't a God we must make one."
(Jasith)

Credulity, or belief without scientific evidence: The Humanist Calendar is rich in saints who have steadfastly refused to come to a conclusion until all the evidence was before them. Indeed, many of them, the true martyrs, died while data was still accumulating. Credulity is a very ancient heresy which has often led to deism or worse.
(D. H. Randall)

Clerastianism: That Heresy which accepts the supremacy of the clergy in family affairs. Members of the sect (nicknamed "dissemblers") submit their infants to ceremonial headwetting while placing the tongue in a ritual position in the cheek, precede their nuptial rites by ancient formulae to which they make mental reservations, and bury their ancestors only after a ceremony which they believe will ensure respectability if not immortality.
(Cyril Bibby)

One Wee Prayer-Ism: The shocking heresy that, in moments of acute stress and danger, one wee prayer is permissible. This may be attributed, later, to behaviouristic reflex responses.
(P. Holtby)

The "Who-Are-You?" Heresy: Starting from the respectable view—authorised by Kant—that every man is to be regarded as an absolute end in

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himself, the advocates of this doctrine argue further that such an opinion can be maintained absolutely only by a universal solipsism, and accordingly, none of the believers believe that the other believers exist. Man's inhumanity to man is therefore illusory, since the man who perceives it is the only man who is there. (Ongar)

Prizes of two guineas each to W. P. B., to the Rev. J. P. Stevenson (for a suitably professional job) and to D. W. Barker. Honourable mention to those quoted above and to John E. Cunningham, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, and J. P. Comyns.

Antidisestablishmentarianism: The belief that the established church should be preserved as a bulwark against religious enthusiasm.

Pepysianism: The belief that conduct desirable in other women may be reprehensible in one's wife.

Diabolarianism: The belief that while it may now be confidently asserted that there is no God it is not yet safe to say the same about the Devil.

W. P. B.

Montanianism [fm. Montaigne's "Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know"]: the view that the humanist's *Credo in hominem*, being firmly believed, must rest on slender premises. Condemned by the Council of Somerville* as leading (*via* the fallacy of the undistributed middle) to deism.

Sheolism [fm. Hebr. *she'ol*, the unseen state]: the doctrine that "when life is finished we shall fall back into the eternal darkness from which we came" (Sir Harold Nicolson). Condemned by the Johnsonians* as implying pre-existence and survival.

Buchmanism [fm. Franciscus Buchmannus, who taught that humanism was really a form of Moral Rearmament]: the doctrine that no two sets of ideas are separated by differences of principle that cannot be resolved by friendly discussion.

* The RPA (5 Johnson's Court, E.C.4) held its annual conference for 1954 at Somerville College.

J. P. Stevenson

Philnominists: Those who, in moments of stress, swear by or ejaculate the name of the deity in which they profess not to believe, attributing impossible properties to him, e.g. "God knows!"

Skypiers or Optimysterics: Those who retain an irrational happiness after a close reading of their weekly journals.

Somewhere-elsers: Those who, despite their humanist indoctrination, cannot help thinking that, although there can be no "heaven" for them to be in, their dead exist somehow-else, somewhere-else.

D. W. Barker

CHESS

No. 284 Sitting on One's Hands

Those of us who have sinned against that golden rule may take solace from the fact that even masters are not immune against "finger faults." Playing White against the great Vidmar in 1907 J. Krejcik got through the opening moves at his usual lightning speed: (1) P-K4, P-K4, (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3, (3) P-KB4, P-Q4, (4) P x KP, Kt x P, (5) Kt-KB3. Here Vidmar reached for his KB, and expecting the customary B-K2 Krejcik touched his QP just too hastily; alas, the B was still in his master's hand and now pushed on to QKt5. But the sad story had a happy ending; for, though committed to the loss of the exchange, Krejcik won the game, and very nicely too.

(6) P-Q4	Kt x Kt	(14) Q x P	Q-Q2
(7) P x Kt	B x P ch	(15) Q x R	Kt-B3
(8) B-Q2	B x R	(16) P-K6	Q-B2
(9) Q x B	P-QB4	(17) B-KB4!	Q x B
(10) B-Q3	B-Kt5	(18) Q x Kt	Q-K6 ch
(11) O-O	O-O	(19) K-R1	Q x B
(12) P-B3	P-B3	(20) Q x QP!!	Q x R ch
(13) Q-Kt1	P-B4	(21) Kt-Kt1	resigns

Krejcik's innumerable admirers will share my hope that in calling his latest book *Abschied vom Schach* he was merely as rash as in touching that QP 48 years ago: after all, he is barely 70 years young and he should give us many more anecdotes, games, and problems as amusing as those in the present book. (*de Gruyter Verlag, Berlin, M.*5.20). Here is a pretty example of his prowess in giving the odds of the Q.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(8) B-B7 ch	K-K2
(2) P-Q4	P-KR3	(9) Kt-Q5 ch	K-Q3
(3) Kt-QB3	P-QR3	(10) Kt-B4 ch	K-B3
(4) Kt-B3	P-KKt4	(11) Kt-Kt4 ch	K-Kt4
(5) B-QB4	P-Kt5	(12) P-QR4 ch	K x Kt
(6) Kt-K5	P-KB4	(13) B-Q2 mate	
(7) P x P	P x P		

This game was played only a few years ago in the Viennese master's favourite café, and here is a rather more famous brilliancy which he won forty years earlier in yet another Vienna café.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(15) KR-Kt1!	P-Kt4
(2) P-Q4	P x P	(16) Kt x P!	P x Kt
(3) Q x P	Kt-QB3	(17) B-B3	P-R4
(4) Q-K3	P-KKt3	(18) R-Q6! !	P x R
(5) B-Q2	B-Kt2	(19) P x P	P x P
(6) Kt-QB3	KKt-K2	(20) B x B ch	K x B
(7) O-O-O	O-O	(21) Kt-B7 ch	Kt-Kt3
(8) P-KB4	P-QR3	(22) R x Kt ch!	K x R
(9) Kt-B3	P-B4?	(23) P-B5 ch	K-B3
(10) B-B4 ch	K-R1	(24) Q-R4 ch	K x P
(11) Kt-KKt5	Q-K1	(25) Q-Kt5 ch	K-K5
(12) P x P	R x P	(26) Kt x P ch	K-Q5
(13) P-KKt4	R-B1	(27) P-B3 mate	
(14) Q-R3	P-R3		

Krejcik is fond of telling a story against himself. Our 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position he reached against a somewhat underrated duffer. The fellow played P x QP, and Krejcik didn't fancy retaking with his K, as Kt-B7 ch would have given his opponent a chance of forcing the draw. So he played P-Kt6. How then was he bitterly humbled and forced to resign in a few moves? **B**—White to win—is a very pretty study, not too difficult for 6 ladder-points, and **C** is one of Krejcik's many famous sui-mates. White is to force Black to mate him in 10 moves. This should be a bargain for 7 points if I add the very useful hint that a glance at the final position may well be remindful of an episcopal conclave.

A: Josef Krejcik 1906

B: Josef Krejcik 1919

C: Josef Krejcik 1912

Usual prizes. Entries by March 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 280. Set February 12

A: (1) B-B3? Q-KB7 ch ! followed by Q-Kt6 ch, etc.
B: (1) B-B6 ! R x B. (2) P-R7, R-B8. (3) Kt-B5, R x Kt ch. (4) K-Kt4, etc.
But (1) B-K5? would be refuted by R-R8 ch. (2) K-Kt5, P-B3 ch ! etc.
C: (1) P-Kt7 R-Q4 ch. (2) K-Kt6 ! R-Q1. (3) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B6. (4) Kt-B8, R-Q8. (5) Kt-Q6 ! R x Kt. (6) K-B7, etc.

Many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by: W. H. L. Brooking, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, A. E. Harris, A. E. Schneider.

No. 281 Set February 19

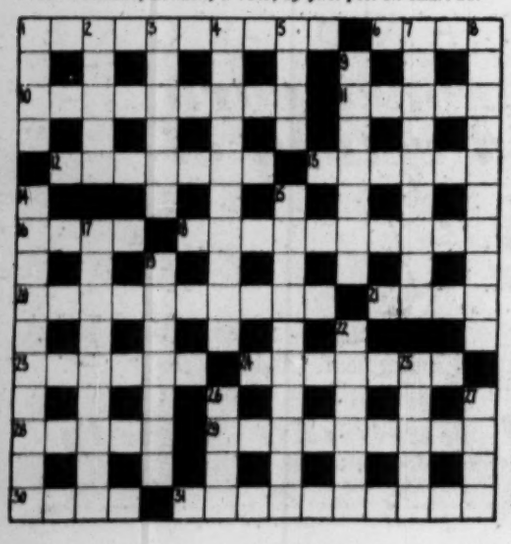
A: *Key:* Q-K6.
B: (1) P-B7, Kt x P. (2) Kt x Kt, P-R7. (3) P-R7, P queens. (4) Kt-K6 ch., K-Kt4. (5) Kt-Q6 ch., K-R4. (6) P-Kt4 ch., K-R3. (7) P queens ch., Q x Q. (8) Kt-B7 ch., etc.
If . . . (4) K-B5. (5) Kt-Q6 ch., etc.
C: (1) R-KR6 ! K-Kt2. (2) R-R3, K-Kt3. (3) R-KB3 and the White K remains on g2 and h2 (or g1 and h1, if checked).
If (1) . . . R-R7 ch. (2) K-B3, R-QKt7. (3) R-R6, P-R7. (4) K-K3, K-Kt2. (5) R-R4, K-Kt3. (6) K-Q3, K-Kt4. (7) R-R8, K-Kt5 and wins.
Other R moves, such as (1) R-KB6? are defeated by (1) . . . R-R7 ch! (2) K-B3, R-R7 ! (3) K-K3, P-R7. (4) R-QR6, K-Kt2 (5) R-R4, K-Kt3. (6) K-Q3, K-Kt4. (7) R-R8, K-Kt5 and wins.

Many stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by: E. Allan, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 143

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 143, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 22.



ACROSS

1. What a frost these laps are when there is no champion athlete in them (10).
6. Cabin key (4).
10. The human race is boring for monkeys (9).
11. Turn either way (5).
12. Mislead by confusing most of the evidence (7).
13. "A knavish —— sleeps in a foolish ear" (*Hamlet*) (6).
16. Nymph in the chorus (4).
18. Not coming back is he, with that fool around? That is surprising (10).
20. Fortifications show that the world is not idle (10).
21. It is gratis, yet the charge is about a sovereign (4).
23. Swollen, with nothing to take for it (6).
24. Where to get a degree in Sanskrit literature (7).
28. In this table I would be a star (5).
29. This examination is put in to catch me in a muddle (9).
30. In this mess appeals for help are needed (4).
31. Here actors may be found places for putting about Othello's reverse (10).

DOWN

1. Question a young creature about a Frenchman (4).
2. The historian makes a start with a class (5).
3. The animal to catch a sheep up (6).
4. Form of entertainment that is not out of order when its discoverer is missing (10).
5. A flower grew upward (4).
7. Revision course seems to concern the new student (9).
8. Exclude a comedian from a cathedral city (10).
9. Starting to shed tears over the page—it is all so obscure (7).
14. Changes embracing interior climbing plants (10).
15. "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise," he said (4, 6).
17. The historian is a great man to give America a very small spot (9).
19. Those who pursue the king in a chess realignment (7).
22. After a change of ends the seaman would turn into a rogue (6).
25. Evidently an animal with one horn (5).
26. An award when love is missing leaves a mark (4).
27. Prophet at the front of a religious building (4).

Set-square

Solution to No. 141

O	A	S	I	S		B	R	O	A	D	C	A	S	T
D	K	A		U		W	A	S		A		S		A
D	R	I	F	T		D	O	L	O	M	I	T	E	S
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A	S	S	I	S	T	A	N	T		S	P	E	R	O

Prizewinners to No. 141

G. R. Otter (Paris), R. C. I. Butt Philip (London, W.1), A. L. Bacharach (London, N.W.3).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in French. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £1,100—£1,450 (Australian) per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £1,500—£1,750 (Australian) per annum, with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London, is March 26, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in History (either Grade I or Grade II). The salary ranges are: Grade I £A1,275—£A1,450; Grade II £A1,100—£A1,250. Applicants should possess an Honours degree in History. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is March 31, 1955.

TEACHERS for British Columbia. The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia in August, 1955 or 1956. Applicants must be under the age of 45 years, must hold a recognised university degree and have completed a formal course of teacher training or hold a diploma in Education. Those interested should write immediately to Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent General, B.C. House, 1-3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a British Columbia representative, who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia, will be arranged for March and April, 1955.

WEST Riding County Council. Adult College, Grantley Hall, near Ripon. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Authority's Residential Adult College, Grantley Hall, near Ripon. Candidates should possess a good honours degree of a British University, a wide interest in contemporary affairs and, preferably, a varied experience of work in further education. The salary scale is £1,050 × £50—£1,250 per annum with free residence, etc. A successful candidate may be appointed above the minimum of the salary scale in recognition of qualifications and/or experience of exceptional value. The post is superannuable. Full particulars and application forms are obtainable from the undersigned, to whom completed forms should be returned within two weeks of this advertisement. A. B. Clegg, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School—Headship. Battersea Secondary, Culvert Road (Battersea Park Road), S.W.11, with annexe at Lockington Road, S.W.8, for over 1,000 boys and girls. Headmaster or headmistress required from September, 1955. The school provides a variety of general technical and commercial courses, including courses leading to G.C.E. The school is in Burnham Group XV based on an estimated unit total of 1,532 for 1956; it is expected that this Group will at least be maintained at the review in 1956 and may be exceeded. The head teacher allowance for a Group XV school is £640 (headmaster) and £565 (headmistress). There is a deputy headmistress with a substantial special allowance and adequate provision for other special allowance posts. The secretarial staff consists of a full-time administrative officer with part-time help. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS 10/Battersea obtainable from the Education Officer (TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1, together with further particulars. (Persons who have recently completed a similar form may apply on Form EO/TS 10B). Closing date March 28, 1955. (302.)

EASTERN Nigeria (Port Harcourt). Required now, administrator with Y.W.C.A. experience, to be responsible for the building of a community centre and hostel, and for its successful running. Apply Personnel Secretary, 108 Baker Street, London, W.1.

DORSET. Required in September in Girls' Public Boarding School, Graduate Mistress teach Chemistry and Mathematics to University Scholarship level. Ability to help with Physics a recommendation. Resident/non-resident. Burnham Scale. Government pension scheme. Apply with testimonials. Box 4667.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, requires housemother & kindergarten teacher. Elizabeth Strachan. Hele 390.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC. requires Producer, Further Education Programmes, to plan and produce educational programmes for adults, especially those with little formal education, and to take part in continuing audience study. Good educational background, lively interest in Further Education techniques, imagination and teaching sense essential. Teaching experience not demanded. There is scope for ideas and experiment in use of radio for informal education. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 750 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

NATIONAL Library of Scotland: Assistant Keepers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for three pensionable posts of Assistant Keeper (Second Class), in the Department of Printed Books and in the Department of Manuscripts. Age at least 22 and under 26 on March 1, 1955, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces service or for established civil service. For exceptionally well qualified candidates the upper age limit may be extended. Candidates must have a university degree with First or Second Class Honours. While preference will be given to candidates with degrees in Classics, Modern Languages, English or History, candidates who have followed other Honours courses will also be considered. Inclusive salary £480 to £695 (men), £480 to £590 (women). Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and in certain cases for service with H.M. Forces. Promotion may normally be expected within seven years to the post of Assistant Keeper (First Class), for which the inclusive salary is at present £905 to £1,425 (men), £778 to £1,258 (women). Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4431/55; completed application forms must reach him by March 24, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Woolverstone Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk (boarding school for boys, 11-18). Headmaster: J. S. H. Smitherman, M.A. Required September, 3 additional masters to teach, mainly in lower and middle forms: (1) French; Spanish as a second subject an advantage. (2) Latin. (3) History and Geography. All boys are boarders and masters are expected to play a full part in the life of the school; games are cricket and rugby. Appointment will be to the Council's service with assignment to this school. At present single quarters only available, with board, lodging and laundry during term time. Non-resident masters receive an allowance in lieu (details sent with application form). Apply at once on form EO/T840 obtainable from Education Officer (EO/T82), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (send s.a.e. (fscp.) and returnable to headmaster at the school by March 18. (262.)

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Probationary Assistant Lecturer in French. Preference will be given to candidates who have made a special study of 18th century literature or thought. Commencing salary not less than £450 per annum with F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances. Salary scale under review. Applications must be sent by March 31, 1955, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

TECHNICAL Writer. Monsanto Chemicals Limited have vacancy in their application research department at Fulmer, near London, for a young man or woman, preferably Science Graduate or Arts Graduate with interest in science, and an enthusiasm for writing and presentation of technical information. Ability to grasp quickly user processes and technical terminology essential, coupled with the qualities of tenacity and precise thinking. The successful applicant will have responsibility for drafting of technical literature in co-operation with scientific and technical staff. The post is a new one and will offer scope to the right person. Apply, giving full details of age, education, training and experience, to The Chief Personnel Officer, Monsanto Chemicals Limited, 8 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

BOARDING-OUT Officer. Experienced woman (C. of E.). Home Counties area. Social Sc. Cert. and driving licence essential. A.P.T.I., plus London Weighting. Apply by 21st March, stating age, qualifications, exper., to Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1 (re-advertised).

ADVENTURE Playgrounds. Leaders required. Full-time for Lambeth. April to October, for Clydesdale Road, Kensington and Crawley, Sussex. Possibility other vacancies. Candidates should have experience with children and be able to help in use of tools and materials. Particulars from: Mrs. Littlewood, 6 Westmorland Terrace, London, S.W.1.

UNITED Nations Association requires Youth Officer. Min. age 25. Knowledge of international affairs & of youth organisations. Salary £376 × £25 to £476 p.a., commencing according to qualifs. Form on receipt of fscp. s.a.e. from U.N.A., 25 Charles St., W.1. Last day March 26.

MANAGERESS/Hostess wanted for small London home of International Students Resident/non-resident. Box 5146.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

QUALIFIED Social Worker (woman) is required for a post of exceptional interest on the outskirts of Liverpool, involving an original approach to the problems of new communities. General casework experience and an interest in group work are necessary. Salary approximately £650 and car allowance. Full particulars available from General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1, to whom completed applications should be made within 3 weeks of appearance of this advt.

COTEBROOK Home for Cripples. Applications are invited from State Registered Nurses for the appointment of Matron of the above home for seventeen crippled women, at a salary of £540 × £12 to £624 less £150 for emoluments (untaxed). Forms of Application may be obtained from the undersigned. Appointment is subject to a Superannuation Scheme. Ronald H. Eveleigh, Hon. Sec., 30 Eagle Brow, Lymm, Nr. Warrington.

ST. Mary's Mothercraft Training Centre, Dundee. The post of Housemother of the above Home is vacant. The Home is interdenominational and caters for four mothers and up to 10 children under five years of age. Training is given in housewifery and child care. Salary £300 plus board and lodging. Applicants should have a Social Science Diploma or its equivalent and should lodge their applications with copies of references with Mrs. Graham, Forbescourt, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

CAMBRIDGE House. Applications are invited from single men for the residential post of assistant to the Secretary of the Community Centre, which will be vacant on April 1. The salary is £218 per annum, plus board and accommodation valued at £182. The appointment will be for two years, and offers practical experience to young men taking up social service as a career. Further particulars and application forms from the Head of Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5.

GANYMED Press need at once a Trade Representative for their well-known Art reproductions ready travel printsellers, stores, etc., in Gt. Britain. Good Salary & Commission, expenses & car (or allowance). Write A.S., 11 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ORGANISER required for student appeal; responsible fund-raising activities; experience, initiative and drive essential; full or part-time. Apply in writing: Gen. Sec., National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

APPEALS Organiser. Vacancy for woman to work in London area on behalf of well-known charity. Previous experience desirable, not essential. Commencing salary £485 with prospects. Apply in writing with full particulars, Box 5147.

COTEBROOK Home for Cripples. Applications are invited from State Enrolled Nurses for the appointment of Assistant Nurse at the above home for seventeen crippled women. Further particulars and Forms of Application may be obtained from Ronald H. Eveleigh, Hon. Secretary, 30 Eagle Brow, Lymm, Nr. Warrington.

SCHOLAR, 15 miles Cambridge, needs Sec.; shorthand essent., ability drive useful. Accom. with rm, for dependant. Box 5073.

PART-time secretarial assistant required for Islington Family Service Unit. Duties include shorthand/typing, accounting, reception. Please apply Islington Family Service Unit, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1. Canonbury 6700.

EXPORTERS require executive, work own initiative general merchandise especially textiles, hosiery, underwear. Box 5215.

PART-time but responsible post as woman secretary offd. by children's organisation, London. Box 5168.

CAPABLE shorthand-typist required by British Actors' Equity Assocn. Good conditions. Applications in writing only to General Secretary, 8 Harley St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

LADY Cook required for numbers up to 60. Interesting seasonal or perm. post, good salary. Warden, Flatford Mill Field Centre, East Bergholt, Colchester, Essex.

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SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

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RECENT widower, Hampstead Garden suburb, urgently reqs. resident housekeeper-cook for himself and 3 children, school age. Good morning help. Personal ref. Lee, 72 Wildwood Rd., N.W.11. HAM. 3712.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE National Union of Students require temporary Clerks, 4-6 months, for Vacation Work and Farm Camps. Experience in office routine, figures or typing an asset. Preferably not over 30. Salary £5-£6 per week according to experience. Also Administrative Secretary and Shorthand-typist. Write for forms of application to the Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman executive, experience art publishing, education, B.B.C., personnel management, seeks opening for settled career. Box 5309.

CHANGE of job wanted by single man (early 40's), experienced journalism, publicity, social work. Box 5125.

SWISS stud., Engl./Ital./Fr./German, cultural-artistic interests, typing, driving, sks. part-time occupation. Box 5232.

WOMAN Graduate (34) finds well-paid executive post, with professional body too comfortable. Would like to deploy administrative, linguistic talents, ability to write, speak, edit and enjoy all kinds of people as P.R.O. or otherwise in progressive commercial/industrial firm or other London enterprise. Box 5084.

EXPD. secretary sks. mornings-only post, preferably with writer. Box 4865.

YOUNG Woman seeks interesting post abroad. Box 4854.

PERSONAL Secretary, experienced, intelligent, seeks interesting job. Responsibility welcomed. N.W. London pref., not essential. Part-time considered. Box 5086.

EDUC. young lady desires situation Italy. 6 mths.—1 yr. Sept. on; English conversation, music. Box 5047.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: New unused Encyclopædia Britannica, £35; N. S. & N., 1949-1954, four vols. bound, offers; Remington Monarch portable Typewriter, £10; French Linguaphone, as new, £10; Empire Aristocrat Typewriter, recently overhauled, £15; Praktiflex 35mm. single-lens reflex, £2 8s; Victar lens, £18; 35 mm. strip-printer, £5.

WANTED: Italian Linguaphone records; French Linguaphone; Baby's pram.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. for first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

PERSONAL

WOULD young lady like join another going for holiday in party abroad, July? Fly. Very moderate. Box 5135.

FAMILY (children 2 years & 6 months) need interesting, cheap holiday. Suggestions? Box 4879.

ELDERLY literary family man seeks hospitality in friendly household, Highgate Hill district, April and May. MOU. 4100.

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CHEAP house, flat or acc. abroad reqd. 4 student types July 17-31. Box 4845.

YOUNG Italian man, Dr. of Music, fluent French, seeks position in private family as tutor giving piano lessons and tuition in French and Italian. Prompt reply appreciated. Box 5222.

SCHOOLMASTER'S widow, 38, wd. like spend Easter with friendly people. Box 5249.

PROFESSIONAL parents (girl aged 13) would like to contact other parents with a view to making group arrangements for school holidays. Box 5290.

SWISS family, Neuchatel, wish exchange for one year from April daughter 17 with daughter English family, London area. Contact Francous, 25 Dresden Rd., N.19.

STUDENT needs buy, borrow, material Indian Communism. V Gladstone, 19 Kenneth Ct., 173 Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

ENGLISH Barrister, Canadian Barrister and Solicitor, offers services to companies or individuals seeking to establish themselves in Western Canada. Connections on highest levels. References exchanged. Box 3818.

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PSYCHOLOGIST. P. J. Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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PERSONAL—continued

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HOLIDAY Friendship Service. 80 holidays in 18 countries inc. Wales, Portugal, Morocco, India, Israel, Bulgaria. Send stamp. 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

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COTE d'Azur: House coastal village, 3 persons; May £20, June £24, July £30. Interstate, 24 Newman St., W.1.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

FOREST School Camps. Co-educational camping holidays for children of all ages. Introductory course for those wishing to join the staff, April 13-18. Details from Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

DOUGLAS V. Morgan, confidential private astrologer. Send birthdate, 10s. 6d., for reliable reading of your life. Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

SMOKING, New cure. Drugless. Prospectus: Ridley, Taggart Avenue, Liverpool.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

EASTER and Spring holidays: escape to sunshine, gaiety and spring flowers! Our Easter arrangements for professional people include spring ski-ing parties, sunshine and sightseeing holidays in Majorca and Italy, Easter weekend parties to Paris and Amsterdam, and Easter house parties in Britain (Sussex, Berkshire and Stratford-on-Avon). Spring flower parties to the Dolomites and Lake Garda, Austria, Greece and Switzerland. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

WONDERFUL holidays on the Continent from £25 all in! Relax in the lovely French countryside, sunbathe by the Adriatic, swim in the blue Mediterranean or enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Austrian mountains. 14 days in France, Italy or Belgium, with many interesting excursions, all optional but included in cost. Send 2½d. stamp for free brochure to Progressive Tours, Dept. D., 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. Tel. VICtoria 4600.

HOTEL Plan Ltd. offer the finest choice of Continental holiday tours at prices that defy comparison. Typical 8-day holiday bargains including fare and hotel: Switzerland from 15½gns., Austria from 15½gns., Italy from 19½gns., Belgium from 13gns., Holland from 14gns. Couchettes from 15s. on our Special Train. Also Cruises and Coach Tours. Send for free programme to Hotel Plan Ltd., 2 Church Place, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. REG. 5701-8.

BY air to Sunny Spain. A fortnight's holiday in San Sebastian with Air Travel for £43 10s.! Apply W.T.A., Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

POSITANO Art Workshop, Italy. 1955 Session May-Oct. Ideal Art Holiday in picturesque fishing village on Neapolitan Coast. Studio classes in painting, sculpture and crafts. Individual registrations welcomed. Reduced terms for small unregimented parties. May 26-June 19, £67 incl. Student/teacher party Aug. 4-28, £54 incl. Early application essential. Box 4416.

EASTER in Rome, 10 days: £36 10s., partly by air. Summer tours to Austria, Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, 15 days: £29-£45 incl. air-travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SEASIDE Holiday School for Children 5-12 yrs. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme includes courses in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—also special "Musicians' Tours." Period 14-26 days, costs 26½-59gns.

P.P.S. Apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Telephone: Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ADVENTURE or Eclipse (Man and the Atom). The immediate danger from nuclear experiments, by Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. Price 4d. The Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1.

"KENYA—A Plan for Peace" is outlined by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in the March "Labour Monthly." Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-year's sub., from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"ONE, two, three little girls," illus. articles on free children's Birth, Sleep, Food, Clothes, &c. Paul & Jean Ritter, Ritter Press, 476 Woodborough Rd., Nottingham.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

VERLANGEN Sie Kat. 50 Deutsche Lit. (4046 Nos.) Kat. 51 Weltliteratur (2655 Nos.). Libris, 38A Boundary Road, N.W.8.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess, political, poetry, Everyman's. Lists: A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Rd., Tolworth, Surrey.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

TAPE Recorders, all well-known models. 12 months' free H.P. No interest charges. Fr. 22gns. 10% deposit. Dept. TR., Howard Photographic, 525 Croydon Rd., Beckenham.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern, Worcs. Est. 1898.

TOM Long you are my heart's delight, I smoke you morning, noon and night.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag. Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

CAMERAS bought! Top prices for Leicas, Rolleis, etc. Part-exchange terms. Dixons, 185 Station Road, Edgware, Middx. EDG. 5211. Open Saturdays.

FIREARMS. American buyer pays top prices antique pistols, early Colt and Remington revolvers, rifles, etc. Details to Box 4658.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2. 'Phones. SHOreditch 3889/6046.

£5 Week Sickness/Accident Insurance. Prem. £6. Broker, 130 Balfour Road, Ilford.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

NEW method of teaching arithmetic. Cuisenaire Numbers in Colour. Send for particulars to the Cuisenaire Co., Ltd., 14, Basingstoke Rd., Reading.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

IDEAL studio or club, etc.—slate-roofed wooden-built Hall 48ft. by 25ft. by 16½ft. ht., in perfect order—all conveniences—£480 freehold. Apply Margery Dean, Antiques, Wivenhoe, Essex.

WEEKEND Cottage for sale; £300 or offer. Beautiful unspoiled moorland country. Manchester & Sheffield 30 miles, Stoke-on-Trent 20. Box 4581.

HOUSEBOAT. Complete home, sleep 4, £600. Thames-side garden. Laleham Reach. 'Phone Staines 3306. Box 4684.

18th Century cottage, modernised by architect, nr. Pulborough, admirable for creative family with bucolic tastes, 3 rec., 6 bed., main serv., gdn., lge. barn & outhouses. Freehold £3,950. Box 5024.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

TO let, Primrose Hill, N.W.3: Fully furn. newly decorated flat. S/C, 1st fl., 3 rms., kit. & bath. £35 monthly. PRI. 7328.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flat. Two large rooms, kit., & bathrm. 2nd flr. Lovely position: 5 mins. Heath, buses & shops. Easy access City/West End. £4 15s. p.w., 2 adults only. No prejudices. Box 5082.

FURNISHED cottage on farm near Savernake Forest to let. Three bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, all mod. cons., refrigerator, garden. £5 5s. Box 4709.

NORFOLK Coast. All electric rural country cottage, private sandy beach, quiet and restful. Reduced terms for early season tenancy. Ideal for writer or recuperation. Apply 89 King St., Norwich.

WRITER, Camb. M.A., mar., child, seeks quiet, large-ish unf. flat; pref. with balcony or gdn., about to be vacated by house-buying philanthropist. Box 5156.

WANTED: Unfurn. flat or accom. F. & F. up to £100. Box 4715.

YOUNG man in management position with well-known, firm urgently reqs. unfurn./part-furn. flat within easy reach London for self and wife for period 2 yrs. Max. rent £130 p.a., no premium payments. Box 5141.

PROF. woman reqs. unfurn. flat Cent. Lond. F. & F. bought. Dets. Box 5142.

CONSULAR Service Officer, wife & child, require mid-June to mid-Sept. fully-furn. 2- or 3-bedrm. house, easy reach sea, Dorset coast. Careful tenants. Box 4730.

SCHOOLS

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu Leman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. Holiday course. Winter in the mountains! English refs. Prospectus.

DELICATE children (7 to 12, M. or F.) received in home of woman doctor and tutored by husband (Arts graduate). Details of case to Edwards, Lorton Hall, Cockermouth, Cumberland.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. from p. 272

JAMES Cameron: "Journeys of a Journalist," Thurs., March 17, at 7.30 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on (i) "The Man and the Weapons" and (ii) "Attack and Defence" will be given by Sir Frederic Bartlett at 5.30 p.m. on March 15 and 22 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

EXTERNAL Degrees: planning seminar at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Apr. 1-3. Also "Goethe & the Modern World."

HOME Study for London Univ. Entrance & External Degrees, including B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., etc., General Certificate (all Examining Bodies), Law, Professional Prelim. Low fees. Prosp. from Registrar, University Correspondence College, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc.; B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EXPERT Postal Tuition for examinations.—University, Law, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Commercial, General Cert. of Education, etc. Also many practical (non-exam.) Courses in business subjects. Write today for free prospectus mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to Metropolitan College (D14), St. Albans, or call, 30 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

ENGLISH lessons for foreign students. Experienced graduate teacher, specialist examination coaching. 10 mins. Marble Arch. Prospectus free, Miss Loder, 55 Belgrave Road, Ilford, Essex.

ASIAN Students. Grad. (M.A., B.Litt.) coaches in Engl & European Hist. Spec. introductory courses for visitors. Box 5044.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAI. 7096.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

PIANO Lessons, Chelsea. Peggy Gray, A.R.C.M., studied under Kendall Taylor & Harold Craxton, accepts pupils. FLA. 2408.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

EASTER Festival at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for details of leisure and study activities.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studios, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Brixen, in Thale, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature, Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns.*—21 days, 27*gns.*) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 1½*gns.*; 2nd class 2½*gns.* Write for leaflet "1955 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

EASTER SCHOOLS, etc.—continued

FABIAN Easter School, April 7-11, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Life in a Socialist Britain. Lord Campion, Ernest Davies, Wilfred Flenburgh, Ian Mikardo, Malcolm Muggeridge, Sir Leslie Plummer, W. A. Robson. Dets, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ROME—July 25-Sept. 2. Very important course entitled "Italian Art & Civilisation," presided over by Prof. Lionello Venturi, Rome University. Includes one week visiting Naples, Pompei, etc. Accommodation and local transport provided. Moderate price. Write immediately for full information English Language Institute, 107 Via Plebiscito, Rome.

LANGUAGE Holidays: combine an amusing outdoor holiday in international company with foreign language tuition and practical house party holidays, on the Italian Adriatic, in Majorca, or the Austrian Tyrol. Special Study Courses in Austria, Switzerland and Denmark: Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual entrance scholarships and one exhibition for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards tenable for four years. Competition in April: details from Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St. Kensington W.8 before Mar. 31.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leicester Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FR. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

ACCOMMODATION available hostel April 2-23. Pleasant surroundings. Easy access W. End. Parties & families. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8.

REDECORATED furnished flatlet, one large room, own kitchen and toilet. Fully equipped. Bromley. RAV. 0533.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge. attract. 1-room flatlet, beaut. equip. & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 47*s.* 6*d.* wkly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

BRIGHT furn. rm. to let, suit bus. girl/stud. 32*s.* 6*d.* Ev. conv. CUN. 5486.

PUTNEY, attractively furnished divan-room to let. Own kitchen. Professional man preferred. £2 10*s.* p.w. PUT. 3395.

PLEASANT bed-sit. room, own kitchenette, single prof. or bus. person only. Phone after 7 p.m./weekend, HAM. 9077.

BEAUT., lge. sgle. B/S rm. 38*s.* Lge. dble. 55*s.* Use kit. HAMpstead 2132.

NEWLY decorated front-room, use kit. & bath, own gasmeter. Bus./prof. lady. Write Mrs. Borchard, 59 Carlton Hill, N.W.8.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

2 GIRLS wanted join 3rd in furn. flat Highgate: 30*s.* p.w. TRA. 3499 (*ext.* 318).

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. Tube. Luxury divan-rooms for ladies. Fitted carpet, concealed cooker, new contemporary furniture. Use k., b., gdn., tel. 3*gns.* Large sunny attic room, similar, 3*gns.* MOU. 9610.

WEST Hampstead semi-furn. flatlet to let. £3 p.w. Box 5163.

TO let: Large furn. single room, 30*s.* Evenings 366 Greenford Ave., W.7.

LARGE well-furnished bed-sitting room, built-in closet, running water, in period house, Richmond. Share bath, kitchenette with one person. Box 5166.

CARAVAN: 4-berth Eccles Coronation. Private orchard, Nr. Henley & river. 6*gns.* Apr.-June. 8*gns.* July-Aug. Box 4836.

1955 model 4-berth caravan to let. Coastal site, all amenities, near Folkestone. 19 Wolsey Rd., East Molesey.

TO let: Partly-furnished half of large bungalow, garden. Channel view. Suntrap, The Close, Fairlight, Hastings.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro (4 mins. sea): Furnished Bungalow, all amenities, mains. Particulars and photo: Box 4686.

S. CORNWALL. Comf. furn. house. Easter holidays. £7 7*s.* p.w. 2-4 pers. All elec. Mod. conv. One min. sea. Plate & linen. Cleall, Leeside, Mevagissey.

KESWICK. To let from June (poss. earlier) furn. cott Mod. con. Sleep 3/4. 3*gns.* p.w. (less, long let). MOU. 7230/Box 5085.

L.C.C. Teacher offers use furn. bungalow, Hindhead, to local teacher/s during termtime, beginning Sept. Box 5031.

PARSON'S widow, homeless from April, urgently needs unfurnished flatlet in or near London. Box 5179.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

AMERICAN Professor and family on educational visit to London req. furn. flat for six weeks from May 10; 5-6 rooms, Kensington/Chelsea district. Box 4891.

NEEDED. Unfurn. 2/3 rooms, k. & b., pref. self-contd., top floor, phone; W.1, or N.W. Max. approx. £150 p.a. incl.; could buy some f/f. Offers Box 4718.

LADY teacher reqs. comf. bedroom occas. week-ends and school holidays, no meals or ckg. facs. W.9. district. Box 4864.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

ART Teacher, son aged 11, shs. accommodation Sept. in household nr. Dulwich. Some duties, away holidays. Box 5030.

WRITER wishes to be sole tenant priv. hse./share very quiet flat. Box 5045 or ring Bowlby, CHA. 2651, office hrs.

FLATLET/Accom. reqd. in W.8, W.14 or W.11 by young pianist. Box 5298.

SCHOOLTEACHER (m.) seeks large, bright B/S room with facils., or flatlet. West End. Moderate. Permanent. Box 5256.

EDUCATED lady requires room, prof. centrally-heated, with full board in friendly family. N.W. London. Box 5233.

WHERE TO STAY

EASTER in the Cotswolds. Good food, beautiful country. Cent. htg., H. & C. all rooms. Res. Proprietors. Cotswold House Hotel, Chipping Campden, Glos. Tel. 330.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers ideal accom. for country-lovers. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 5½*gns.* wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

SNOWDONIA. Stay at Nodalfa Cottage, Beddgelert, for homely holidays. Mrs. Orkney-Work.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. 6*gns.*, special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & mountains; vegetarians welcome. 5*gns.* wkly. (full August). Also furn. rooms, own kit. Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

OLD Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Guest House. Central heating, h. & c. every bedroom.

CORNWALL, South. Housel Bay Hotel. The Lizard. Most Southerly Hotel in Great Britain. Magnificent coastal scenery. Good food and comfort a speciality. Licensed. Brochure on application.

EARLY Holidays in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy this small, quiet hotel. 4½/7*gns.* (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms), fully inclusive. Vegetarian if desired. Cen. htg. everywhere. Slumberlands. Rec. by rdrs. Illus. brochures. Facing Sth., opp. covered prom.; nr. Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Winter terms till Whitsun. Town amenities ½ price in May. Also bking. for Summer 5½/8*gns.* 'Phone Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNWALL.—Seafront, mid-promenade. Safe bathing, op. house. H. & C. B./B. 10*s.* 6*d.* Stern, 4 Marine Terrace, Penzance.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Mount's Bay Hotel offers every comfort. H. & C. and spring int. mattresses. Cocktail lounge (Club Licence). Open all the year. Resident Proprietors Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside, within reach of Eastbourne. Good food; comfy beds; spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Horam Rd. 32).

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Noted for comfort and good food. Facing sea. A.A. recommended.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Ride-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House; excellent centre; good food; 16*s.* daily, £4 17*s.* 6*d.* weekly, Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

NORTH Devon. One mile sea. Good touring centre. Garage. Sprung beds. H. & C., B.B. & dinner. Reasonable. Mrs. Birks, Barbrook, Lynton. 'Phone 3217.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac 286 Carn Haven Guest House, facing sea. H. & c. Slumberlands. Pre-war catering. 5½/7*gns.*

HONEYWOOD House, Rowhook, Nr. Horsham, Sussex. Ideal for restful and recuperative holidays. Beautiful country house set in 10 acres of lovely grounds. Central heating or electric fires. Wireless every room. Excellent cuisine. Vegetarians specially catered for. Tel. Oakwood Hill 389.

ARE you going round the bend? Then do so at Whidden Down and arrive in Chagford, S. Devon, where Peace, Beauty & Relaxation will straighten you out. Apply Secretary, Chagford Hotels Assn., Devon.

BOURNEMOUTH, near Central gdns. B. & B. 3½*gns.* (August 4*gns.*) Box 4646.

SOUTH Devon—best touring centre for sea, country, moors. Booking now Easter, Whitsun. 4½-6½*gns.* Write/'phone, Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot 441. Children welcomed, spec. prices.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London. 7*gns.* p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548. Application by writing up to April 2.

CUMBERLAND. Quiet country holiday near fells and lakes; 5 to 7½*gns.*; reductions for younger children. April vacancies. Edwards, Lorton Hall, nr. Cockermouth. (Lorton 252.)

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3*s.* 3*d.* post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

CORNWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac 285. Homely Guesthouse facing sea; farm produce, ev. comf. Excellent catering. 4½-6½*gns.*

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Vacancies for Easter. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

RYE, The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY. PRI 2211. Last 2 wks. Mr. to F. 7.30, S. 5, 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "Volpone" by Ben Jonson.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in the first stage production of "The Face of Violence" by Julian Bronowski (Italia Prize for Radio, 1951). Fri., March 18, Sat. 19, Sun 20 (Mems. only), Thurs. 24, Fri. 25, Sat. 26, at 7.30. Book CAN. 3475 (9-6), or CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.), St., Sn. 5 & 8. Sacrifice to the Wind. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika," a thriller on the theme of German rearmament. Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "After the Show." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

"WINTERSET"—London Univ. Drama Soc. Duthy Hall, Southwark, Mar. 16-19, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s.: Bus. Man., L.U.D.S., 30 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

OPERA Circle. "Don Procopio," by Bizet intro. by Marcus Dods. Cast University College London Music Society. Sun., Mar. 20, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Details: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

ASIAN Music Circle (President: Yehudi Menuhin)—Music of Persia on Tues., Mar. 15, 8 p.m., at Ryl. Empire Soc., Northumberland Ave., W.C.2 (off Trafalgar Sq.). Seminar-Gramophone Group Meetings: Two lecture-recitals by Deben Bhattacharya (slides and new tape recordings). (1) Indian Classical Music, Monday, March 28, 8 p.m., at Moreland Hall (next to Everyman Cinema, Hampstead Tube Stn.). (2) Folk Music of Bengal, Mon., Apr. 4, 8 p.m., at Br. Council, 1a Hays Cres., S.W.1 (off Sloane St., Knightsbridge Tube Stn.). Adm., members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Inf. from Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Road, N.3. (FIN. 2934).

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: GUL. 7208.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Eisenstein Season. Until Mar. 13: Ivan the Terrible (A). From Mar. 14: Potemkin (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Mar. 12. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers in: Follow the Fleet (U). Supporting prog. (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.

PEOPLE'S [illegible] 3520. Sun., Mar. 13, Strange Story (U), Vivere in Pace (A).

CHINESE Films. "The Grapes Are Ripe" (comedy). "Chinese Folk Games" (colour). Hampstead Town Hall. 7.30 p.m., Monday, March 14. Adm. 1s. 6d. Educ. Committee Hampstead B.C.F.A.

VICTORIA Halls, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. V.V.F.C. presents "An Evening to Remember." Sat., March 12, with Frank Howard & His Music with Benny England, impressionist (by arr. with Len Kramer), our genial host & M.C. 7.30-11 p.m. 6s.

STRAGGLERS' Club—where Fleet St. Sketch Club meets Wed. evgs. Unrivalled 3-course luncheon incl. coffee and cigarette, 4s., dinner from 6.30 p.m.—choice wines. Dancing nightly from 7.30 inc. Sundays—members mainly Press and Advertising—fee 10s. 6d. p.a. 8 Tower Crt, W.C.2. Cov. 0077.

FANTASIA Club, 35 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Bar open dly. ex. Mon. Week-end studio dances to Sonny Drinkwater & his Music from 7.30 p.m. Mems. 3s. 6d., gsts. 5s.

ENTERPRISE Club. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sun., March 13. From 7.30 p.m., 214 Piccadilly, W.1. Admission 5s., yearly mem. 1s. (Sunday Club.)

ENJOY yourself at the Central London Fabian Socy. Dance, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Sat., March 12, 7.30-11 p.m. Adm. 3s. but only 2s. 6d. before 8, so come early.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave De Vere Quartet, Sat., March 12, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays at 5.45 until May 25. March 16, Geraint Jones (organ). Leaflets giving full programmes & tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Telemann, Couperin, Vivaldi, Bach, Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, this Saturday, March 12, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

AMARYLLIS Fleming (cello), Alan Loveday (violin) and Leonard Cassini (piano) in the first of 3 Concerts of Polish Music. Thursday, March 24, at 7.30, Indian Students Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Works by Chopin, Szymanowski, etc. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. from Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. LAN. 1417.

CONCERT for Children. 18th Century Music by Handel, Couperin, Bach, Vivaldi, etc. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, this Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Adults admitted. Seats 2s. 6d. at Hall (WAT. 3191).

CONCERTS—continued

ARTS Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Mon. next, March 14, 8 p.m. Ben Uri Art Soc. presents Wolfgang Kellerman and Barbara Rohan. Sonatas Violin & Piano Handel/Dvorák/Op. 100 Franck. 3 Dances (1st perf.) Stephen Dodgson. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. at door or adv. from Sec., 14 Portman St., W.1. WEL. 3001.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., March 20, 3 p.m. Quintetto Chigiano. Quintet in A, Boccherini; Quartet in G minor, K.478, Mozart; Quintet, Op. 81, Dvorak. WAT. 3191.

MORLEY College Concerts Society presents: Beethoven March in C; Bruckner Mass in E minor; Stravinsky Concerto for Piano and Wind; Orff "Sirmio" (1st perf.). Morley College Choir and Wind Ensemble (dir., P. R. Fricker), Margaret Kitchin (piano), Queen Mary Hall, Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Thurs., March 17, 8 p.m. Tkts. 6s., 4s. 6d., 3s., Morley College or at door.

HAYDN Orchestra cond. Harry Newstone, Wigmore Hall, Monday next, March 14, 7.30, with John Cowan (pianoforte). Music by Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Delius, Hindemith. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 5s., 3s. from Hall & Chappell's.

GUITAR Recital. The Anglo-Austrian Music Society and the Philharmonic Society of Guitarists present Karl Scheit (Vienna State Academy of Music) in Works by Dowland, Logy, Bach, Sor, Turina and the contemporary Austrian composers Franz Burkhart and Alfred Uhl, Wed., March 16, at 7.30, at Mayfairia Rooms, 32 Bryanston St., W.1. Tickets 5s. and 3s. 6d. from P.S.G., 139 Kensington High St., W.8.

EXHIBITIONS

ONLY a few copies left of the three Ganymed Collographs by Henry Moore. Editions limited to 75 numbered & signed copies: "Figures in Setting" 12gns., "Woman and Cat" and "Draped Standing Figures" 10gns. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Sydenham, until March 20. Admission free.

THE Arts of the T'Ang Dynasty. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 30. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. 100 photographs of the Far East by Werner Bischof. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat. until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Drawings by Josef Herman; Paintings & Theatre Designs by Kenneth Rowell. Closing March 19.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd., Kensington, W.14. A Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings by Brian Hatton (1887-1916). March 11-25. Weekdays 11-7, Sats. 11-5. Adm. Free.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Off the Beaten Track. Unfamiliar and neglected Masters. March.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Martin Bloch, 1883-1954. Paintings and Drawings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Kikoine. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 2.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

INTERNATIONAL Furnishing Textiles Exhibition being held at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (Third Floor) has proved so successful the duration has now been extended one further week to March 19. Countries represented include Britain, Ireland, America, Italy, Sweden, France, Germany and Siam.

RUMANIAN Books & Handicrafts, Art, Classical and Scientific Works, Illuminated leather bindings. Collet's New Book Gallery, 44/45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily 11-6 excl. Suns. & Easter weekend. March 15 to April 14. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Bearsted Collection. Opens March 17. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Christo Coetzee. Till April 15.

WATERCOLOURS from Sicily and Italy by Lily Spandorf at Italian State Tourist Office, 201 Regent St., W.1, from March 15 to April 5.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings by Ziegler. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Till Mar. 28

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Until April 7.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture & Drawings, Aristide Maillol.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by J. D. Fergusson, Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2 The London Group. 1st exhib. Artists' Prints & Monotypes. March 9-Apr. 2

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"RELIGIOUS Groups and Problems of Racial Tension." Speakers: The Bishop of Johannesburg, and the Haham (the Very Rev. Dr. S. Gaon), at the Annual General Meeting of the Council of Christians and Jews, 3 p.m. Tuesday, March 15, Hoare Memorial Hall, Church House, Westminster. Chairman: The Archbishop of Canterbury.

UNION Society of London Ladies' Night Debate on Wednesday, March 16, at 8 p.m. in the Niblett Hall, Inner Temple. Mr. Justice Pearson will move "That Law has contributed more to the good of mankind than Science." Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S., will oppose. Visitors welcome.

"EDUCATION and Local Government," N. G. Fisher, M.A., giving Sir Philip Magnus Memorial Lecture in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., on Wed., March 16 at 6.45 p.m. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 13, Hallam Tennyson, "Vinoba Bhave of India: Modern Saint on the March." Adm. free. Free copy Mor thly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30. Adm. 1s. 6d.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Life with God or without." Hampstead Ethical Soc. at 42a Westbere Rd., N.W.2 (off Minster Rd., buses 16 & 60). Sat., Mar. 12 at 2.45.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, March 18. C. W. W. Greenidge, Sec., Anti-Slavery Society, "Slavery in the World Today." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

BERNAL speaks on his latest book, "Science in History," at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum Street, W.C.1, next Wednesday, March 16, at 7 p.m. Tickets 1s. from Collet's or at door.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., March 13, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. March 13: "Theosophy and Religion."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Mar. 17, 7.30: Sir John Stewart-Wallace, C.B., on "The Trend Towards Universalism through the Centuries."

DR. J. A. C. BROWN: "Peace and Society." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., Mar. 14, at 8.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. March 19 at 6 p.m. Mrs. C. Marett: "Digging in the Past."

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Foundations of the Authority of International Law and the Problem of Enforcement" will be given by Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice (Legal Adviser to the Foreign Office) at 5 p.m. on March 17 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "Chaucer's Self-Portrait." will be given by Professor W. Matthews (California) at 5.30 p.m. on March 16 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Mon., March 14, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse: First of two talks on "Commissioned Music." "Composing for the Films." Speakers: Basil Wright, Director, and William Alwyn, Composer. Chairman: Ken Cameron. C.C. 2s., non-members 3s. Wed., March 16, 8.15 p.m. Illustrated lecture: "Les Fauves," by Georges Duthuit. Chairman: Sir Herbert Read. Members only, 2s. 6d. Membership invited.

SHAW Society: "An Apology at the Age of 70" ("Religion To-day: Is It Necessary? "), by Dr. A. C. Bouquet, author Penguin "Comp. Religion," etc. Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Fri., Mar. 25, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. (if in advance from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18, incls. free 3s. booklet, "Shaw on Censorship").

CHINA and Formosa. Sunday, March 20, at Pindar of Wakefield, 328 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1; fee 2s. per person; organisation delegates welcome. 2.30-4.30 p.m. "The Formosa Crisis and How to Solve It." Chair: W. Hannington. Speaker: A. T. D'Eye. 5.30-7.30 p.m. "Five Glorious Years of New China." Chair: A. T. D'Eye. Speaker: John Horner. Both speakers have visited China. Tickets from Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ASIA Emergent: Conference, Sat., Sun., Mar. 12/13, at National Hotel, Bedford Way, off Russell Square. Chair., Wm. Sewell. Sat., 2.30, A. Roth: India: The Ideological Conflicts; 5.15, M. Makihara: The Revolution in Japan. Sun., 3 p.m., O. Van der Sprenkel: China: The Ideas of Mao Tse-Tung. 5.45, Dr. V. Purcell, C.M.G.: S.E. Asia: The Growth of Nationalism. Admission: 2s. per lecture. Course ticket 6s. obtainable at door or from Sec., Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Prof. W. A. Robson, "Financing the Social Services," Wed., March 16, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welc. 2s.

CENTRAL Jewish Lit. Group present Mr. Earl Swanson talking about his life as "An American in London." Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. 7.45. March 16. Visitors welc. Refr'ments.

EALING Natural Health Society: Health Quiz. Dr. Allinson, Stanley Lief, &c. Ealing Town Hall, Tues., Mar. 15, 7.30. Adm. 6d. Hon. Sec., 3 Elthorne Av., W.7.

INSTITUTE of Social Psychiatry. Public Lectures. Hampstead Town Hall at 8.15 p.m. Tuesday, March 15, Hugh Klare on "Human Relations in Prisons"; March 22, Ivo DeSouza, "Migration of Coloured People"; March 29, Paul Senft, "Social Institutions and the Individual." Members free, Non-members 1s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m., Mar. 15. John A. Tannahill, M.A. (Cantab.) "The Causes of War." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Mar. 11, Conway Memorial Lecture. Friday, Mar. 18, M. L. Burnet, "Asian Revolution." Admission free.

ANNUAL Marx Memorial Lecture will be given at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Monday, March 14, at 7.30 p.m. Dr. John Lewis will speak on "Marxism and its Critics." Admission 1s. Tickets from Marx House, 37a Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

ACADEMICIAN W. Engelhardt, head of U.S.S.R. Biochemistry Institute, on "Biochemistry in U.S.S.R." Chair: Prof. Ernest Baldwin, Ph.D. Mon., Mar. 14, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.)

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue between J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell. "Is a Scientific Theology possible?" 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2. Wed., March 16, 7.30 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., Mar. 11, 8 p.m. Isaiah Berlin, "Herzen & Bakunin on Human Liberty." Fri., Mar. 18, Mr. Peter Wiles, "Recent Changes in Soviet Agriculture."

MARRIED Women's Association, 20 Buckingham St., Strand. "Marriage and the Law," Legal Brains Trust, Fri., March 18, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Admission 2s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assn. Mr. A. R. Ilersic on "The Economic Situation—a pre-Budget Survey." Mon., Mar. 14, Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Ct. Rd., 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. on page 371

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